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LOVE'S SUMMER.

BY J. CASSELL.

When first we met the lawns were sere,
The dead leaves rustled under foot,
The bitter frost was at the root,
The skies above were gray and drear—
It was the dying of the year.

Since then thou hast become so dear
That Winter winds may wail and blow,
And deep may lie the Winter snow,
Yet when thy footstep draweth near,
I know 'tis Summer all the year.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII—(CONTINUED.)

THERE was a long silence. Mrs. Geith was crying quietly, but not the less bitterly; the vicar had turned to the window, and stood looking out at the fair landscape, in deep and sorrowful thought. Sir Hugh's hands had fallen from his face, and he sat staring at the carpet with eyes which saw nothing, and had neither sense nor recognition in them.

It was many minutes before Mrs. Geith recovered herself sufficiently to remember that her visitors had but just come from a long and fatiguing journey, and must need refreshment. She turned hastily to the vicar.

"Forgive me," she said hurriedly; "I am thoughtless and neglectful. You must both be in sore need of food. Dinner is quite ready. You will dine, with me, Hugh, will you not? you and Mr. Glyde?"

Sir Hugh roused himself with a great effort.

"If you will," he said hoarsely; then, with a strange smile which made Laura's heart contract with a sudden fear, he added, "I am glad to be here, Laura; every moment I think that the door will open and she will come in, and—ah, Heaven, I forgot! she will never come in again; she is dead! dead! dead!"

He had raised his hands to his temples, pressing them there with an expression of pain which brought Allan Glyde to his side. It was not a moment too soon, for he had hardly uttered that last mournful "dead!" when he staggered, and, but for his friend's assistance, he would have fallen to the floor insensible.

His insensibility was but a swoon, induced chiefly by exhaustion, fatigue, and want of food, but Doctor Baxter, who was summoned in all haste, insisted on perfect repose and quiet as the only means of averting a sharp attack of brain fever.

Even as it was, Sir Hugh's restlessness, his anxiety and sorrow, which but increased as the sad days went by, seriously retarded his recovery; and Anne Danecourt, watching by his side, regretted with a keen, yet unavailing regret, that she had influenced Cecil and urged her to give up her brother.

Anne did not know that Constance Butler, prompted by the causeless jealousy which she had from the first conceived for Cecil, had met the unhappy girl by the brook, and had added to the burden she had to bear by the bitterness of her reproaches.

The summer days went on, July gave place to August; Sir Hugh was about again, looking the wreck of his former self, utterly hopeless and indifferent.

Montagu Arnold had returned to town, anxious and ill at ease, and sorry for the coldness which had risen between him and his *fiancee's* brother, a coldness for which Jessie was naturally inclined to blame her brother.

"She has made us all wretched," Jessie said passionately to her sister. "I wish they had never come to Danecourt! I wish Hugh had never seen her face!"

And Anne echoed the wish from her heart.

Grieved though she was at her brother's sorrow, as soon as his health was in some degree re-established, Anne Danecourt's regret at her share in it abated somewhat.

She had done what was best; Hugh was young, all his life was before him; it was impossible but that by-and-by he should meet some good, true-hearted girl who would help him to forget Cecil and his unfortunate love. In her heart she wished that Mrs. Geith would leave the Gate House, where Hugh spent so much of his time.

How could he forget, his sister thought angrily, when he passed hours with Laura, talking of her beloved sister, in the rooms hallowed by her memory? Once, indeed, she gently hinted this to Mrs. Geith, but Laura looked at her with sad eyes as she shook her head.

"Think if the child came back here and found no one to welcome her," she said gently. "I could not bear that, Miss Danecourt. And sometimes, even now, I dare to hope that she may come back to us."

At the Hall Hugh's most constant companion was his cousin. Unconsciously, something—a reserve, a coldness they could not shake off—had come between him and his sisters, but Constance had behaved with a kindness of which he was keenly conscious.

He never spoke of Cecil to her, perhaps had he done so her part would not have been so easy to play; but she was gentle and thoughtful, and the sorrowful regret in her eyes when they met his, the sympathy she never failed to show, touched him and made her society very pleasant; while Constance, in the depths of her heart, hoped that after a time, when the poignancy of his grief was somewhat abated, that he would turn to her for solace and consolation.

But out of the bitter trouble of Cecil's flight—a flight which, after all, had been the outcome of a confused and distraught brain—one fair plant blossomed, a great joy came into Laura Geith's life.

Touched by her sorrow and the loneliness of her position, Doctor Baxter forgot the obstacle of her wealth, which had hitherto kept him silent, and had simply and frankly told her of the love which had grown up in his heart for her. And without one thought that her wealth might have tempted him, Laura put her hands in his, and knew for the first time in her life, the happiness of mutual love.

But her happiness, although it was great, did not lessen her sorrow for Cecil, sorrow which Doctor Baxter shared. He knew all poor Cecil's story now, and was grieved for the poor child to whom fate had been so cruel, and, perhaps because of his own happiness, yet more grieved for Hugh Danecourt.

He, himself, was a grave, reserved man, devoted to his profession, and now, at thirty-two, loving for the first time, loving with passion and sincerity; all the more deeply because he had not fritted away his affection on half-a-dozen lesser fancies. His love for the one sister increased his sympathy for the man who had loved and lost the other, and he saw with sincere sorrow the alteration in Hugh's health and appearance.

To the Doctor's keen, professional sight it seemed that the squire had lost all care for himself or his health, and that such indifference, acting upon a very sensitive organization, would have a most serious effect."

"He will let his life slip away from him because he does not care enough to retain his hold upon it," he thought one morning as he met the squire in the park, wandering listlessly down its leafy glades, his hands thrust into his pockets, and his eyes on the ground.

Thinking thus, the Doctor resolved it should not be so without remonstrance on his part. After greeting Hugh he turned and walked with him, and frankly, yet with evident sympathy and gentleness, he told him what he feared.

Sir Hugh stood still and listened in perfect silence, looking at the doctor with sorrowful, wearied eyes.

"A moral suicide," he repeated, with a faint smile. "Ah, you can't frighten me, Dick! If you knew how glad I should be to throw up the sponge and end it all. My life holds no other hope but this, to see her again when all is over; it can never know any other longing!"

"It should—it must!" Doctor Baxter said quickly, putting his hand on Hugh's shoulder with a kindly impressiveness; "or else I shall not believe in your love for her."

Sir Hugh looked at him inquiringly.

"If the woman I loved lay under the stigma of a crime of which she was innocent," Doctor Baxter continued, with the same gravity and earnestness, "I should consider that my first duty was, if possible, if by any means possible, to remove that stigma from her, and prove her innocence to the world!"

A moment's silence ensued. When Sir Hugh spoke, his face had altered, even the weary tones of his voice had acquired new strength, and his eyes shone with the brightness of a new resolve.

"You are right, Dick," he said, holding out his hand. "Heaven bless you for reminding me of the plain duty to which I have been so blind until now. When I see you again, old friend, you will not be disinclined to believe in my love for Cecil. She is innocent—my poor, wronged darling!—and her innocence shall be proved, if any efforts a man can make will prove it!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

If, in the month of November, the Welsh hills looked dreary and desolate, anything more beautiful, in the shape of scenery, than they present in the summer months it would be difficult to find, and, perhaps, that beauty reaches its height in the month of August.

The trees are in fullest leaf then, the cottage gardens are full of rich-hued flowers, the hotels in the valleys are full from garret to basement, artists' umbrellas are as common almost as the blackberries on the hedges, bright summer gowns gleam among the hills and the coaches are full of passengers as they wend their way over the not very well-kept roads over which Doctor Price had ridden with the groom from the Glen House in the previous autumn, while the rain came down in torrents.

Llanarvon, perched up high on the hillside, was not favored by many staying visitors, even during the summer months. It possessed no special attraction, nor had it much accommodation to offer.

Tourist parties sometimes left the train at the foot of its long, narrow street, and climbed it, only to be disappointed with the prosaic little town at its summit; and occasionally some of the many visitors at Llantiglo walked over the hills and spent half-an-hour exploring the narrow, hilly street and little church, and perhaps making a sketch of the old stone cross in the market place; but, even at the height of the season, Llanarvon's population experienced no material increase, and its inns were dependent for customers on the sturdy Welsh farmers who attended the market, and sold their sheep, and cows, and oxen, and wool under the shadow of the old cross, and then adjourned for rest and refreshment to the "Cross Keys" or the "Royal."

Thus it chanced that the practice of Evan Price, M.R.C.S., received no very considerable addition during the summer. Of course it increased somewhat, for among the visitors at the pretty little hotels at Llantiglo there were often some who came there in search of health, and were sufficiently invalided to require the services of the doctor's assistance, and Doctor Price often rode over the hills in the fair summer morning.

Life in a little country town is not a very lively thing, and one is apt to get a little tired of its monotony. Lucy Price, the doctor's pretty wife, might have got very tired of it if her marriage had not been an unusually happy one. Such perfect harmony, such unselfish love existed between her and her husband, that it was sufficient for them to be together to be satisfied and happy.

They had no children, and this circumstance, which had at first been a subject of deep regret to the pretty English girl, had perhaps drawn them still closer together, since there were no near ties to share their love.

Mrs. Price was too wise to waste her life in idle regrets, and she found plenty to occupy herself with in her household duties, and in acts of kindness to her husband's poorer patients; and except her husband himself there was no more popular person in Llanarvon than little Mrs. Price, and her blue eyes, and fair hair, and sweet smile, were as welcome in many a cottage as the flowers in May.

She looked very bright and pretty in her dainty cambric morning dress, as she sat before the urn one fair morning early in August, chatting away to her husband, who had just come in from the surgery, where he had been seeing his early-morning patients.

The bright sunshine pouring into the room lighted up a very pleasant picture. The breakfast-table was bright with flowers and pretty, if inexpensive china and spotless damask; the room, with its somewhat old-fashioned furniture, its quaint corner cup-boards, the delicate muslin curtains, looked cozy and home-like.

Doctor Price's refined, intellectual face was lighted up a smile as he listened to his wife's remarks; two or three letters lay by his plate, and Mrs. Price was reading aloud some extracts from a long crossed letter, which appeared to afford them both much amusement.

Breakfast was almost over when a neat servant-maid entered with a card, which, with rather an awed expression, she gave to her master.

"The gentleman wants to see you, sir, if you are disengaged," she said. "His business is rather important, and he will be much obliged if you can see him."

Doctor Price took the card and glanced at the name inscribed upon it. No look of recognition came into his eyes as he read it, only a slight expression of surprise.

"Say I will be with him directly, Susan," he said as he put down his serviette; and when the maid had retired, Mrs. Price, who had been looking curiously at her husband, rose, and going to his side, glanced at the card he still held.

"'Sir Hugh Danecourt'!" she exclaimed. "Who is he?—do you know him, dear? I have never heard you mention his name, Evan."

"I daresay not, my dear," her husband said smiling; "for I never heard it before. Perhaps he is staying at Llantiglo or Llan-

berls, and wants my advice either for himself or for some of his family. You will excuse me, Lucy," he added, with that graceful courtesy which it costs so little to exercise in the home circle, but which does so much to promote harmony there.

Doctor Price's consulting room was at the end of a long passage which traversed the wing of the house where the surgery and dispensing rooms were; it was a small, plainly furnished room, containing two well-filled book-cases, a secretaire, a tall, old-fashioned clock, and some quaint Chippendale chairs.

It was lighted by two windows, which overlooked the little garden which separated the house from the market square, and at one of these a gentleman was standing, who turned promptly on hearing the door open, and seeing Doctor Price, went to meet him.

At first sight the surgeon was deeply impressed by the appearance of his visitor and the sombre, melancholy beauty of his haggard face, while Sir Hugh was struck himself by the grace and refinement of this Welsh practitioner, who was so different from the rubicund, portly medico whom he had expected to see.

Doctor Price bowed in a manner which would have done credit to St. James's, and looked enquiringly at the stranger.

"Sir Hugh Danecourt?" he said.

Sir Hugh bowed gravely.

"What can I do for you?" the surgeon continued. "Pray sit down."

"You can do much for me," Sir Hugh answered in his low, melancholy tones. "At least I believe you can do much for me, Doctor Price. I have come here in that hope."

The slight expression of surprise deepened on the surgeon's face. Had this aristocratic stranger heard that he, Doctor Price, had performed a cure of some strange disease, or that he was a specialist in some complaints? If so, he had been deceived, he thought.

"I shall be glad to do what I can for you, Sir Hugh," he said gently, again offering his visitor a chair.

Sir Hugh smiled sadly.

"I hope I shall not trespass too much upon your kindness," he said as he seated himself. "Am I detaining you?" he added. "Can you really spare a few minutes of your valuable time?"

"I have an hour which is quite at your service," Doctor Price added, sitting down and looking composed and attentive.

"Thank you," Sir Hugh said gravely, and there was a short silence during which he sat thoughtfully pulling at his long, fair moustache, and the doctor looking at his worn, handsome face wondered what great trouble had graven the lines upon the broad brow and about the weary eyes.

Presently Sir Hugh looked up and met Doctor Price's grave regard; something kindly, almost compassionate, which he read there, brought the quick words to his lips.

"I have come to you in great trouble, Doctor Price," he said frankly. "Not a bodily trouble but a mental one. I believe you can help me in some small measure, perhaps even a greater measure than I dare to hope."

"If I can help you my assistance will be freely given," was the cordial answer. "But I am at a loss to——"

"You will not be when I have told you more," Sir Hugh said, with a light, sorrowful smile. "I came to ask you some questions about the death of Mr. Beaumont"—he hesitated slightly, then went on—"who died at the Glen House, near Llantilio."

The surprise on Doctor Price's face deepened.

"You were the doctor who was called in, were you not?" Sir Hugh said hastily. "Your name is not an uncommon one in these parts. Am I mistaken in——"

"Oh, no! oh, no!" Doctor Price interrupted him; "you are quite right. I was called in, certainly; but the unfortunate man was quite dead when I reached the Glen House."

"I am aware of that," Sir Hugh rejoined. "May I, before proceeding to disclose my business, ask you one question, Doctor Price?" he asked earnestly, leaning forward in his chair, and fixing his sad, eager eyes on the other's face. "And will you answer me frankly?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"You must have had excellent opportunities for forming an opinion," the young man said earnestly. "It is impossible but that you did form one! Did you think that the—the person who was accused of, and tried for, the crime was guilty of it?"

There was not the slightest hesitation in the doctor's answer.

"I did not!" he said promptly and decidedly.

Sir Hugh drew a long breath and his face brightened.

"Thank you," he said earnestly; and, with a sudden, grateful impulse, he stretched out his hand.

Doctor Price clasped it and smiled at him.

"You need not thank me," he said. "My opinion is worth nothing. It did her no good at the time, poor child. I was powerless to help her, and she was singularly alone. I have often wondered since what became of her. Can you give me any tidings?"

"I wish to Heaven I could," Sir Hugh said passionately; "but I cannot. If she lives still, she is dead to me; she has cast herself adrift from me by her own act."

Doctor Price looked at him sympathetically, thinking that any woman must have some strong motive to urge her to cast herself adrift from such a lover as this tall young man with his sorrowful blue eyes and stately Saxon beauty.

"Can you tell me all about it?" he said gently. "I was deeply interested in her at the time, and I am deeply interested in her still. Anything I could do to help her would be most cheerfully done," he went on, seeing that his visitor was too deeply moved for speech. "The very trifling attention I could show her then she thought so much of, poor child, that out of sheer gratitude for the princely gift she sent me soon after leaving, and which I valued less than the note which accompanied it, I should be only too happy to see my way to help her."

"I think if she were here she would tell you to help me," Sir Hugh said huskily. "Be patient with me while I tell you her story since you saw her—and mine."

Very simply, yet with a manly tenderness which was eloquent in itself, Sir Hugh told the story of his love for Cecil and her flight from him.

Very gravely, with a face which expressed the sympathy he felt, Doctor Price listened, filling in the details of Sir Hugh's bare facts with a keen appreciation of Cecil's generosity and nobility; and when the simple story was told, and Sir Hugh had covered his eyes with his hand, which was manifestly unsteady, there was a short silence in the room.

"Thank you for telling me," the surgeon said gravely and gently. "I knew that I had not been mistaken in my estimate of her. My regret at the time was keen because I could do so little for her. My wife was very ill, and I was full of anxiety on her account, and could leave home but little."

"Yet, in your own anxiety you found time to be good to her!" Sir Hugh said huskily. "When she was otherwise friendless you befriended her. Heaven bless you for it."

"Tell me now how I can help you," the doctor said cordially. "I will do so very gladly."

Sir Hugh looked at him sadly.

"You know that she has left me," he said mournfully; "that, with a mistaken idea that it was for my good, she broke my heart and her own. I mourn her as dead," he continued tremulously. "Were she living she would have come back to me: she would have have known how I suffer, and she would have relieved my anxiety; but living or dead, the stain rests upon her name still, and my one object now is to remove it."

Doctor Price looked at him thoughtfully. Sir Hugh went on.

"I have seen Mr. Bevan, the lawyer who gave instructions for the defence," he said, "but he can give me but little assistance. He tells me that the poor child was incapable of any mental effort, that what little evidence there was, was against her, and that he had to depend greatly upon the servants. He could give me none of their addresses; they could be obtained by advertising, he said, but he did not think they could give me any assistance. In fact, he threw cold water upon my plan entirely," continued Sir Hugh rising, and beginning to pace up and down the room with restless steps. "He said that Cecil had been acquitted: that she could not be tried again; that it would be worse than foolish to re-open the old enquiry again. He would not help me, so I came to you."

"How can *I* do so?" Doctor Price said gently, his heart full of compassion for the misery on the handsome, haggard face. "Tell me, Sir Hugh?"

"You can tell me all about the death, the impression made upon you at the time, whether you had any suspicion of anyone, whether you had any suspicion of suicide. When she told me her story, the poor child could give me no particulars of what followed the death. I have nothing to go by but the barest facts: that Mr. Beaumont died by poison, that his wife was suspected, accused, tried, and then acquitted because there was not sufficient evidence to commit her. That is all I know, except that I am as sure of her innocence as I am of my own, and that I will do all that man can do to prove it to the world."

"Well spoken, Sir Hugh Danecourt," the surgeon said cordially, as he rose also. "I can give you the assistance you require; whether it will be of any real service in your search I do not know, but it may give you a clue which has escaped others. When did you reach Llanarvon?" he added.

"This morning."

"Traveled all night?"

"Yes."

"Have you breakfasted?"

"I got some coffee. I wanted nothing else."

"You can hardly expect a medical man to approve of such conduct as that," Doctor Price said smiling. "You must let me offer you some breakfast, before we proceed any further."

"Indeed I am not hungry; I want nothing to eat."

"Perhaps not, but you need it," the doctor said firmly. "I am an obstinate Welshman, you know, Sir Hugh, and must have my own way. And now, if you will excuse, I will go for my wife," he added with a smile. "We are an old-fashioned couple, who confide entirely in each other, and act together. She will be as much interested as myself in your visit, and should you deem it advisable, as I think you will," he added significantly, "to make any stay here, we shall be happy if you will remain with us."

"You are very good," Sir Hugh said earnestly: "but your words seem to have more significance than appears on the surface, Doctor Price. Did you form any suspicion?—did you——"

"You will see," Doctor Price answered quickly. "You shall judge for yourself. My sympathy with the poor child, who suffered most, prevented me being anything but a partial judge then, but I can think more calmly now, and whatever suspicions I formed at the time died away. But," —he paused for a moment, and, coloring slightly, continued with a little embarrassment, "I must make an admission which I trust, will not earn your contempt, Sir Hugh. I have a weakness, which I think excusable, perhaps you will not."

He paused again; Sir Hugh looked at him inquiringly; the doctor smiled slightly as he went on:

"Our life here is so quiet a one that employment for the long winter evenings is sometimes hard to find," he said; and neither my wife or I are musical, but, fortunately, we are great readers, and three years ago my wife suggested, partly as an amusement, that I should keep a diary of the curious things and persons which a doctor, even in a small community like this, cannot fail to meet with. Since then I have done so regularly, and, when occasion offered, at some length. In my diary you will find full details, written while the event was fresh in my memory, of the tragedy of the Glen House."

"How can I thank you?" Sir Hugh said earnestly.

"By letting me introduce you to my wife, and eating some breakfast," replied the doctor cheerily. "Come this way, Sir Hugh, if you please."

Lucy Price, at sight of Hugh Danecourt, felt as any other young woman would have done, instant and lively sympathy with him. He was so handsome and so sad-looking, so gentle in his manner, that it hardly needed her husband's short initiation of her into the reason of his coming to Llanarvon to arouse her keenest interest.

The young man, on his side, was charmed with the pretty, bright-eyed little woman who was the presiding spirit of this refined and charming little home among the Welsh hills, and who greeted him with such frank simplicity and perfect breeding. More to please her than because he had any desire for the food, Sir Hugh partook of the dainty breakfast speedily set before him; and when this was over, Doctor Price left him for a few moments and returned with a thick, leather-bound, and brass-clasped book.

"Sir Hugh will prefer to be alone, dear," he said to his wife. "In the library he will be safe from any intrusion; and," he added quietly, "I think we shall have the pleasure of keeping him with us for a few days. I have told him that he will be heartily welcome."

"Heartily welcome," echoed the little wife brightly. "I will show you the way to the library, Sir Hugh. Although the house is small, you won't know by intuition which room is which," she added laughingly; "so, please, follow me."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALONE in the little library, Sir Hugh threw himself into a chair, and, holding the book in his unsteady hands, glanced around him for a moment before opening it.

The room was but a small one, but it was furnished in perfect taste, and it had a homelike air of comfort which could not fail to please. The walls were lined with books in rich and sober bindings, books carefully treated and cared for, and looked upon as friends. Two writing tables, one substantial, roomy, handsome, the other dainty, fairy-like, graceful, stood one in each window, and by the hearth on either side were a large, leathern and a dainty, little, low cushioned *chauffeuse*, and beside the latter a little work-table.

Altogether the room was eloquent of the tastes and habits of its occupants, and it spoke silently, but none the less convincingly, of the companionship and harmony existing between them.

His long journey, the restless excitement which he had undergone, the effort it had cost him, proud and reserved as he was, to confide in a stranger, greatly exhausted Hugh Danecourt; he felt languid and depressed, and yet there was more hope within him now than there had been for days.

The doctor's friendly cordiality, the little wife's sweet sympathy, had cheered him somewhat, and his heart was beating fast as, with shaking hands, he unlocked the clasp of the brass-bound book. It opened, as the kindly surgeon had told him previously, at the very date of the day which had been so momentous a one to the woman he loved.

The writing was clear, neat, and legible, but Sir Hugh was forced to wait a few minutes before making himself acquainted with the contents of the book before him. There was a strange mist before his eyes, a dimness which told that he was weaker than he had thought, and it was only when this had cleared away that he could see what was written on the open page before him.

Then he read what follows:

"Doctor Price's Diary.

"7th November, 187—. I have but just come in from a long and fatiguing day's work; but the quiet monotony of our lives, which we have just begun to feel a little irksome during these dull November days, has been broken into by an event so tragic and so mysterious that I have decided, with Lucy's assistance, to describe it here as fully as I can. It has impressed me so strongly, and every circumstance, however trifling, is so distinctly before me even now, that it will be minutely related, and may serve to interest us in the future when we are recalling old memories.

"We had just finished breakfast this morning when I was called to see a groom who had been sent to summon me to the Glen House, four miles from Llantilio, where his master, Mr. Beaumont, had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. Of course, I did not delay; we started at once, in a downpour of rain which lasted, without a minute's respite, during the entire ten miles of our ride, which was anything but a pleasant one.

"Mr Beaumont was a perfect stranger to me; I had heard of him certainly, for, until his advent, the Glen House had been long untenanted, and its occupation had caused much excitement in our quiet neighborhood.

"People spoke of his wealth as fabulous, although I was more than half inclined to regard all the reports about him as exaggerated, I could not help but think that there must be some fire to make so much smoke.

"The groom's manner, when he answered a few questions I thought fit to put to him, seemed to confirm some of these rumors. He spoke of his master with a certain reserve, and of his mistress with a certain compassion, which I attributed chiefly to his dislike to our Welsh hills, and his sympathy with a great lady suddenly deprived of all gaiety and buried alive in the solitude of the Glen House.

"Without quite knowing why, I too, began to have a feeling of sympathy for Mrs. Beaumont; perhaps the wretched weather, which made the hills so bleak and desolate, was the cause of it. Unless she could find all the society she wanted in her husband's companionship it could not fail but to be a desolate home for her, that lonely mansion shut in by the hills.

"As we entered through the great iron gates, leading into the drive, I was struck by the great improvements which Mr. Beaumont had made in the once neglected

grounds. They were all in perfect order and the house, as we rode up to the door, was evidently carefully kept up, in a manner which showed that money was no object to its inmates. In the hall, which was furnished in a costly and artistic manner, I was met by a grave, elderly man, evidently a superior servant, who greeted me with a relieved expression on his pale face.

"Having assisted me to remove my waterproof and leggings, and answered a rapid question or two as to his master's illness, he opened a door at the left of the hall, lifted a heavy curtain which shaded it, and led me into a large, superbly furnished apartment, where a strange stillness reigned. I call the stillness strange because, intense though it was, there were several people in the room, and all stood silent and motionless about the sofa, upon which lay a still, quiet figure—that of my patient.

"Another thing which struck me as I entered was a faint, peculiar smell, which was partly overpowered by the fragrance which emanated from the hothouse flowers which filled an old china bowl in the centre of the table.

"For a moment, as I saw these flowers, I hoped that the odor I had perceived at first came from these, and as I passed the table I desired one of the servants standing about the sofa to remove them; but as my eyes rested upon the prostrate, motionless figure on the sofa, I knew that it was not so, and that I was too late to render any assistance. It needed no examination to show me that Mr. Beaumont was then dead.

"A sense of foreboding, of evil and mystery oppressed me as I bent over him and touched his clammy brow and pulseless heart and the white hands stiffening already in death; but even as I did so I was struck with the exceeding beauty of his face, even with the ghastly pallor upon it.

"Very rarely have I seen so perfect a face as his; it was chiselled in the pure, straight lines we associate with old Greek statues. The long, dark lashes lay upon the pallid cheek, and the wavy dark hair was pushed away from the low brow. Yet for all his beauty, it was not, to me at least, an attractive face; the mouth had something sensual about it, the lines between the eyebrows spoke of strong will and strong passions; still, as I have said, it was a beautiful face.

"Brief as my examination was, it proved to me that what I had feared was correct. As I bent over the dead man, the odor of almonds, which had greeted me as I entered the room, was yet more apparent, and with the sense of evil strengthening upon me, and a foreboding I could not shake off, and which one feels sometimes in the presence of sudden death, I stood up, and quietly told those gathered about the sofa that all was over—I could do nothing, that Mr. Beaumont was dead.

"My words were followed by a short but profound silence, then a low, hoarse, terrible cry broke the stillness of the room; a terrible cry I call it, because it was like no human cry that I had ever heard before. I looked up quickly; it had proceeded from a woman who stood at the head of the sofa, and whose wonderful beauty struck me even in the gravity of the moment. She was very tall, of stately proportions, with very thick, fair hair drawn back from her forehead; her eyes were blue, her features perfectly regular, looked, in the pallor which overspread them, touching even her lips, as if they were carved in white marble.

"As I was about to go to her to offer my assistance, the butler laid his hand upon my arm and asked me, in a trembling voice, which spoke of sincere grief, if I could do nothing. I told him no, that there was nothing to be done. He asked if his master had died in a fit; this question I also answered in the negative. As I did so I saw that the woman who had cried out was looking at me with an intent, searching gaze.

"Was it heart disease? the man asked, and when I again shook my head, he suggested that perhaps I was unable to decide upon the cause of death unless I made an examination. I could see that the man's sorrow and anxiety were perfectly genuine, and his manner, which was simple and honest, was calculated to inspire confidence; but I was more absorbed in watching the lady who had uttered the little cry which had been so eloquent of suffering and horror, than in answering his questions, and whom I supposed to be Mrs. Beaumont.

"She was still standing erect and motionless; her face was white as the dead man's own, and hardly less livid; but her blue eyes were gleaming with a strange light. Suddenly she spoke, repeating the butler's questions in a strange, metallic voice, which showed that her composure was only due to the strong effort of self-control she was making.

"'Until you have made an examination I suppose you cannot tell the cause of death?' she said, half-assertingly, half-questioningly.

"'I did not say that,' I said, with some embarrassment, wondering how I could break the truth to her.

"'You know the cause?' she queried, looking steadfastly at me.

"'Yes,' I answered gravely, and as I did so I saw her face change: its features seemed to contract suddenly with a quick spasm of pain or fear; but she went on with her interrogation without any apparent hesitation, although her voice had changed somewhat.

"'Was the cause of death poison?' and, as for a moment my surprise at the question, which had startled me terribly, prevented any reply, she repeated it. 'Was it poison?' she asked again.

"'It was poison,' I answered.

"If I live to be an old man, I am sure I shall never forget the look which came over her face. Its beauty seemed to die out in a second of time; it stiffened into an expression of horror, anguish, and defiance, terrible to see. For one moment she looked at me, then staggered back, her lips parted, her eyes dilated; she caught, with shaking hands, at the marble shelf of the mantel-piece for support. I advanced towards her.

"'I am afraid you are ill,' I said gently. 'You seem faint.'

"'I am not faint,' she said, in a low, mechanical voice. I took her arm gently.

"'You had better come away,' I said, feeling intense pity and compassion for her. 'This is no place for you, Mrs. Beaumont,'

"The pallor seemed to deepen on her face, which had stiffened into as ghastly a mask almost as that of death itself. She shook off my hand.

"'I am not Mrs. Beaumont,' she said, in a clear, distinct voice; 'I am the housekeeper.'

"'I beg your pardon,' I said gently; 'still, this is no place for you. Let me beg of you to leave us! Where is your mistress?' I added, turning to the butler; 'I should like to see her. This must be gently broken to her. Why is she not here?' I asked, seeing that the attendants exchanged significant glances.

"'My mistress is very young, sir,' the butler said, in a low, tremulous voice. 'She was terribly frightened. I will send her maid for her, if you will come into another room.'

"The man's face was troubled and anxious, but on the other faces round the couch there was no sorrow, only awe and curiosity. The housekeeper, leaning upon the mantel-piece, stood with her eyes fixed upon the floor; she was still ghastly pale, and her face, which had lost a little of its look of horror, looked as if it was carven in stone.

"As I turned to leave the room with the butler, her great beauty struck me afresh with wonder, and there was a grace and refinement about her most unnatural to her station, and which fully justified my mistake as to her position at the Glen House. Her dress, though simple to plainness, was of the finest materials, and there was nothing about it to show her position.

"Something in her face, either her extreme pallor or an expression of intense, yet defiant suffering, or perhaps the fact that the servants about the couch seemed to be regarding her with an undisguised curiosity not unmingled with distrust, and that none of the women had advanced to her assistance when she had seemed about to faint, touched me with a feeling of compassion strong enough to surprise even myself.

"Turning from the door I went back to her side; she did not seem to have perceived my approach—at any rate she gave no sign nor made any movement. I gently touched her arm, and at the touch a strong shudder shook her head to foot, but still she never lifted her eyes from the carpet or turned her head, which was averted from me, in my direction.

"'Let me prevail upon you to retire,' I said very gently. 'This has been a great shock to you. Mr. Beaumont is beyond your help, your presence is quite unnecessary here, and you look very ill.'

"For a minute she answered nothing, and I wondered if my words had reached her stunned senses; when she spoke she did not lift her eyes.

"'You are very good, sir,' she said in a low, steady voice, in which I noticed a tone of repression. 'I thank you, and I am not unmindful of your kindness. Mr. Beaumont'—the repressed suffering in her voice seemed to increase here—'was a good master to me, and——'

"'You will be able to show your appreciation of his goodness by endeavoring to console his widow,' I said as gently as I could, and at the words she lifted her eyes and looked at me for a moment steadily.

"'His widow?' she repeated slowly. 'How strange that sounds! An hour ago she was his wife! Yes, his widow needs consolation, I suppose.'

"She had not moved during her strange, slow speech; but as she ended it, she drew herself up and removed her hand from the mantel-piece, still looking at me with a fixed and steady gaze.

"'You are sure my master is dead, sir?' she said, speaking in the same tone of concentrated repression, which expressed even more than her face, the control she was exercising over herself.

"'I am sure.'

"'But sometimes mistakes have been made,' she continued; 'people have fallen in a fit or fainted, or even'—her voice failed her a little, and her steady look wavered—'or even into a trance,' she concluded, mastering her momentary emotion, 'and have been left for dead when life was not extinct.'

"'Yes, such things have been known,' I replied quietly; 'but it is not so in this case. Unfortunately it is not so; your master is dead, and the news must be broken to your mistress without delay. Will you ask her if she can receive me?'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.—Much that is erroneous prevails as to the character of the prisoners sent to Siberia from Russia, as well as to their condition and treatment in that land of bondage.

Every year the prisoners sentenced to Siberia are collected at Moscow, or some other central point, and are thence sent forward to their destination in parties of various sizes. They go to the penal territory in the summer months, or from May to October. The vast crowd that assembled at Moscow, in May, 1883, contained about 12,000 persons, and yet it was affirmed by careful statisticians that probably not more than 1,000 of these were sentenced to hard labor.

There are several facts to be borne in mind in regard to the criminals who are banished to Siberia, the nature of the crimes of which they are convicted, and the character of their punishment. In Russia there is no capital punishment, except for treason, or crimes of that nature. The courts only sentence criminals to the mines in Siberia, to service as laborers in fortresses, to imprisonment at home, to banishment to the colonies in Siberia, or to lighter punishment in reformatory institutions.

The convicts sent to the mines in Siberia are the most hardened criminals, such as murderers, etc. The life led by that class in the mines, is said to be deplorable beyond anything in any other country.

Persons who have been convicted of ordinary penitentiary offences are sent to the penal colonies, and their families have the privilege of accompanying them. It is stated that many vagrants are sent to these colonies. There the colonists, as the prisoners may be called, are under the supervision of the Government, and are given land, and allowed the proceeds of their own labor. It is claimed that this system has been attended with excellent results, these colonists becoming prosperous, forming orderly, thriving settlements, and doing much to develope the country and civilize the natives.

More than half the population of Siberia is composed of banished Russians or of the descendants of exiles.

A few facts may be of interest in reference to the crimes committed and the number of convictions secured. Of the persons arrested for or accused of crime, about 17 per cent. are convicted and sentenced. Of the number convicted, about 3 per cent. are sentenced to hard labor in Siberia, about 4 per cent to exile in the Siberian colonies, about 12 per cent. to labor in forts, about 25 per cent. to imprisonment, and the remainder to lighter punishments. It should be added that, besides the families of exiles, some go to Siberia as volunteer immigrants.

OMAHA GIRL.—So you knew Clara De Smart's father before he was married. Poor man, he came to the school to see his daughter graduate, and I couldn't help pitying him." Omaha Pa—"His daughter is a beautiful girl." "Oh, yes, she is rather pretty." "And she delivered the valedictory, and took all the prizes." "Yes; but her dress didn't set fit to be seen."

Bric-a-Brac.

INSTRUCTIVE HALFPENNIE.—Instead of repeating on every penny and halfpenny the name of the reigning monarch of Great Britain and Ireland, Benjamin Franklin thought it would be a good plan to put some important proverb of Solomon, some pious sentence thereupon. People who looked long at a penny before spending it, could then be benefitted by some useful lesson.

A QUEEN'S WRITING.—Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated Roger Ascham. Her writing is extremely beautiful and correct. Her first writing book is preserved at Oxford in the Bodleian Library; the gradual improvement of her majesty's hand-writing is very honorable to her dilligence; but the most curious thing is the paper on which she tried her pens; this she usually did by writing the name of her beloved dead brother Edward; a proof of the early and ardent attachment she formed to that amiable prince.

SEA MONSTERS.—There is, for example, the abnormal fish, "saccopharynx," whose body is so soft that when the extra pressure of two or three miles' depth of water is withdrawn it almost falls to pieces. Then, again, there is the "halosaurus," which carries its own light about with it in a kind of natural phosphorescent lamp, with power to turn on or shut off the rays at will. And there is the "chiasmodus," archetype of greediness, that has a gaping mouth and stomach so elastic that it can swallow whole and digest a fish four times its own size.

THE RING.—From the Romans we derive the custom of placing the ring on the fourth finger. The Roman bridegroom gave to his bride in marriage a ring by way of pledge, which she at once placed on her fourth finger, in the belief that between it and the heart a communication existed by means of a nerve running from one to the other. That a ring should be given at all in marriage is probably owing to the ancient practice of using a ring as a seal, the delivery of which to any person at once bestowed upon him or her the power that the giver himself possessed. Therefore it is that the bridegroom, when he places the ring on the bride's finger, says: "With this ring I thee wed; and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

THE IRON TREE.—Vienna, in Austria, has been besieged times without number. Twice it was captured by the Turks; twice by the French. Perhaps it is the memory of this disgrace that makes old St. Stephen's and the Burg (where the Emperor lives) frown down upon us so gloomily. In the corner of the square in which the Cathedral stands, there is still to be seen a grim memorial of a quaint old custom. Wedged in between two handsome modern shops, is the trunk of an enormous tree—"der eisene baum," the "iron tree," as it is called—into which thousands and thousands of nails have been driven; so many, in fact, that not a morsel of wood is to be seen. It appears that, in mediæval days, it was the custom when any son of Vienna was leaving his native town, for him to go, accompanied by his friends and relations, and drive a nail in the "eisene baum." If the traveller ever came back his first visit was to the tree, when he commemorated his safe return by driving a second nail by the side of the first.

MUSIC AND DISEASE.—Homer, whose heroes exhibit high passion, but not refined manners, represents the Grecian army as employing music to stay the raging of the plague. The Jewish nation, in the time of King David, appear not to have been much further advanced in civilization; accordingly, we find David employed in his youth to remove the mental derangement of Saul by his harp. The method of cure was suggested as a common one in those days, by Saul's servants, and the success is not mentioned as a miracle. Pindar, with poetic license, speaks of Æsculapius healing acute disorders with soothing songs; but Æsculapius, whether man or deity, or between both, is a physician of the days of barbarism and fable. Pliny scouts the idea that music should affect real bodily injury, but quotes Homer on the subject; mentions Theophrastus as suggesting a tune for the cure of the hip gout, and Cato, as entertaining a fancy that it had a good effect when limbs were out of joint, and that Varro thought it good for the gout. Aulus Gellius cites a work of Theophrastus, which recommends music as a specific for the bite of a viper. Boyle and Shakspeare mention the effect of music on the system. Various writers relate the effects of music on those who are bitten by the tarantula.

SEA AND SKY.

Long ago, when the world was new,
The sapphire sky and the ocean blue
Wedded one summer day;
And the sky still bends as the years go by,
And the ocean leaps to the bending sky,
For constant lovers are they.

But when a mist arises between
The ocean grown with jealousy green,
His doubts to the listener tells,
He storms and frets, he rages and roars;
In furious wrath he beats his shores,
While his turbulent bosom swells.

The sky, though dark with a moment's frown,
Will tenderly from its height look down
With a radiant smile divine.
The green to blue with its magic skill
'Twill change, and the stormy ocean still,
And the sun of love will smile.

Pause then, my heart, and the lesson read:
When the darkness falls and with jealous speed,
The mists of doubts arise—
Fret not! 'twill pass, and thou wilt know
That the sun still shines with a fervent glow
In love's unchanging skies.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NEARLY two years had come and gone since my mother and I, turning our backs upon tranquil Redknights, had together crossed the Straits of Dover in search of the thorough change of air and of scene which she, at all events, then so truly needed.

Now it was the month of September, and we had been re-established in the dear old Buckinghamshire house for quite six weeks—perhaps more.

One hardly comprehends the flight of time when the heart within one is so feather-light that all the world around one seems glad.

To-night was the fifteenth of the month; and Gaveston Priory was splendid with light and company—for there was a great ball to the fore.

It was the first entertainment of any description at which my mother had been present for many a long year; and, in consequence, all her numerous old friends in the county had come flocking to be present at the gathering, to welcome her back to the world, as it were—to welcome back both her and me.

At first however we had both of us demurred at going to this ball at the Priory—had hesitated, and wistfully appealed to each other.

Was it not "too soon," we wondered, to be thinking of routs and balls?

But the Gavestons were such old friends of the Darkwoods and the Eversleighs—they would hear of no denial.

My mother, they said, had been a recluse for too long; she must not shut herself up for ever; and perhaps after all they were right.

At all events, we gave way in the end; for the festivity in reality was given in our honor; and so on the night of the 15th of September we went to Gaveston Priory.

At the time Lord and Lady Tracy and her ladyship's mother, Mrs. Ramage, were staying with us at Redknights; and of course they were included in the party.

Perhaps dear old Mrs. Ramage was at first somewhat shy with us; but my own good mother, I, and Aurora herself, amongst us took care that she, Mrs. Ramage, was in no wise slighted by the rest of our friends.

More than once, whilst we were abroad, we had fallen in with the Tracys; our wanderings had crossed theirs, and theirs ours; and at Paris, where we had first met them, we had stayed several weeks with Aurora and her husband.

Within half an hour of their introduction to each other my mother had recognized, had become a staunch admirer of, the remarkable qualities in Aurora.

There was the baby then, a small, fleshy, healthy male creature swathed in flowing robes and costly laces who was regarded by his delighted parents as something the like of which this world had never seen before.

The young autocrat, with this vigorous lungs and his two attendants—trained and patient women they were, thank goodness, who thoroughly understood their business!—was now installed within the nurseries at Redknights.

But, the Tracys' visit to us at an end, the Viscount and his family were going on to "ancestral" Starch; for the birth of a son and heir to the illustrious title had quite softened the hearts of the proud old new Earl and his Countess.

Lady Cassandra Bearwarden was never mentioned now; and Aurora, highly amused at the thought of the pardon-ceremony in prospect, was about to be received at Starch with open arms.

It was nearing midnight; almost everybody expected at Gaveston Priory had arrived; the wide and brilliant rooms were already crowded.

For the first dance that I was dancing I was engaged to Rollo Gaveston; the next I had given to his brother, young Marc.

These young men had appeared at Redknights on the foregoing day; and they had then bespoken as many dances as they could worry me into giving them.

It was with a vague sense of alarm and irritation that I discerned that they were in all probability going to be troublesome—would, in fact, be somewhat difficult to manage.

Indeed they had, the pair of them, been more or less troublesome ever since my return from abroad—Rollo, the elder of the two, especially.

The dance was over; the music was enchanting. Reluctantly Rollo Gaveston removed his arm from my waist. He said boldly—

"Mrs. Darkwood, I don't know whether you are conscious of the fact, but you are looking very lovely to-night."

With a careless hand I opened my fan.

"Am I?" I said idly. "That is all right then."

"Your gown is so becoming," he remarked, staring at it, and at the pure snow-white fragrant bouquet I carried.

"Is it? It is simple enough in all conscience—merely an arrangement in black and white."

"I never saw black and white, though, look like that on any one else," he rejoined, with an ardent glance straight into my cold eyes.

"Did you not? That is odd, Mr. Gaveston. Ah," I cried, with sudden animation, before he could go on, "there yonder, if you will, is a lovely gown! It is one of the handsomest—if not altogether the handsomest—I have seen here to-night; I knew it would be—I told her so before we came. But you men don't understand these things."

He followed rather cloudily the direction of my gaze.

"Lady Tracy, yes," I interrupted very smoothly. "But, as I observed a minute ago, you men never understand these things. Lady Tracy's diamonds—Mr. Gaveston, why don't you look at them?—are superb, and just suit the gown she is wearing, which is perfect——"

"Yes, I know; I am sure it is; I will take your word for it. Look here, Mrs. Darkwood—suppose we——"

"It is composed, as perhaps you will see if you follow me," I continued coolly, "of silver plush and port-wine satin. The brocaded train, gleaming fitfully with its slashings of that exquisite pink, is a dream, a master-thought in its way. The whole, let me tell you, is a work of art—Worth's or Carre's, I have no doubt."

"A very good get-up, I daresay; but give me simple black and white," said Rollo Gaveston perversely.

"Mr. Gaveston, I should very much like to cross the room. I want to speak to my mother. Give me your arm, please."

"There is no seat to be had near Mrs. Eversleigh," he answered, without stirring. "Far better stay where we are, I think."

I rose impatiently; and he had no choice but to obey.

At that moment to reach the part of the ball-room where my mother, near to a doorway, sat chatting brightly amidst a group of old friends was no light undertaking.

Our progress consequently was but slow. The band had struck up a sweet and popular waltz—one of those extraordinarily "catchy" and haunting airs that for a space are known and heard everywhere and are then forgotten; and the company, at the first bars of it, came trooping in pairs from every quarter.

Under cover of the joyous ball-room din, Rollo Gaveston bent his head to mine, and said reproachfully—

"You disdained my poor flowers then, Mrs. Darkwood?"

"Disdained them? Not at all. They were lovely; and indeed they are so still, for they are in a bowl of water upon my dressing-room table."

"Why, if you valued them, wouldn't you wear them?" he asked.

"I would have worn them with real pleasure if I could," I replied gravely—"but I could not. They were brilliantly and tastfully arranged, Mr. Gaveston; but they would have gone ill, you see, with my quiet gown."

"Humph! I suppose those white ones you have with you to-night were sent to you, Mrs. Darkwood?"—this with something disagreeably like a jealous sneer.

I glanced at him coldly—a little defiantly.

"Yes, they were sent to me," I replied; and I raised the dear white flowers to my lips and drew in their pure fragrance lingeringly.

"Sent by some one, I presume," said he confidently, "whom you had previously permitted to learn what colors you intended to wear to-night. Am I not right?"

"No," I flashed out at this; "it happens that you are utterly mistaken. They were sent to me by some one who had the wit to guess that I should wear no colors to-night. Thank you, Mr. Gaveston—here is my mother. No, no; I won't keep you. Please do your duty. I have seen your card, remember, and know that you are expected elsewhere."

And so I dismissed him, poor fellow! But this, I am sorry to say, was not the first time by several that I had of late been driven to snub Rollo Gaveston.

With a radiant smile my mother turned to me.

She was faultlessly gowned in pearl-gray satin that looked like moonlight and that had about it a small fortune in black lace; and she wore the Darkwood opals.

"Leigh has only just arrived, I hear," she exclaimed. "If he does not make haste over his dressing, he will find," laughed my mother light-heartedly, "no partner to be had when he appears by-and-by. As it is, I fear, they have too many men."

"A ball, dear mother, is seldom a failure when there are too many men," I said rather listlessly, avoiding my mother's eyes and staring straight down the beautiful glittering room.

"That is a woman's view of the case, of course," blithely chatted on my mother. "By-the-bye, Flower, you heard about Leigh's telegram, did you not?"

"Yes. He was hindered in some unexpected fashion at the last monement, Marc Gaveston said."

"Yes, dear, precisely as he was upon the point of starting," answered my mother. "It was very provoking. I think it was close upon eleven o'clock when he did arrive, and then he had a nine miles' drive or so from High Whitefield—at that time of night there was no train down to Hazel—and he ought, you know, Flower, to have been here for dinner, they tell me!"

"Yes, I know," I said absently; but in the next instant I roused myself, became alert.

Resolutely making his way towards me there came just then a certain Captain Edwards, a son of an Indian officer who had once been a comrade and friend of my father's.

I was engaged to dance with Captain Edwards; yet, brave soldier though he was, just then I wished the young man miles away.

As matters now stood, there were but two clear lines upon my card; and it had been desperately hard work to keep even those spaces open.

"Mother," I whispered hurriedly, "here comes Captain Edwards. Make it all right with him for me, will you? I do not want to dance again just yet. Gracious, here is Marc Gaveston coming too! The initials of both of them have somehow got put down against this dance—it's a mistake. Say whatever you like to them, mother, only—only do not let either of them follow me!"

There was a wind-curtain immediately behind my mother; and, even as I spoke, my hand was upon the embroidered cloth.

In another second I had stepped behind the folds of it, had passed in the hall, and was flying noiselessly towards the morning-room, which to-night was serving as a pleasant lounge.

It was some distance from the ball-room, and I hoped to find it cool and deserted.

The tall lamps within it were soft and dim; majestic plants from the conservatories drooped over the tinted shades of them.

I wanted a cup of coffee—it would cheer me perhaps, do me good. I decided that I would ring for it and get it brought to me here.

I entered swiftly—started—stopped. In the centre of the morning-room stood a man in evening-dress, all alone, leisurely drawing on a pair of gloves.

I could not well retreat; so I went forward.

Leigh Eversleigh looked up and recognised me.

CHAPTER LI.

AT first, on entering the morning-room, I quite failed to recognize Leigh Eversleigh, for he had grown a short, close, yellow beard—which, by-the-way, became him wondrous well, there was no doubt about that—and he looked older, much older, and graver, too, than when I had last beheld him.

He, like ourselves, had but lately returned from his wanderings abroad—although he, I believe, had been everywhere and seen everything upon the face of the earth—and this was our first meeting since his home-coming to England, and to me.

Yes, thank Heaven, to me, after all.

I know not what we said at first to each other—in moments of intense joy one's wits are apt to take flight. One can be stunned by great happiness as well as by a great sorrow, for both have within them the elements of pain.

But I remember his saying very gently:

"My flowers, are they?"

And I as gently answered:

"Leigh, whose should they be, if not yours?"

He was smiling; his arms were stretched apart. Straightway I went to his breast and laid my head upon it.

"Beloved," he said, as his arm enfolded me; "my own dear love at last!"

When in Paris, my mother was never weary of buying presents for me; they were numerous as they were costly.

If we had set out upon our travels with many giant trunks, it is certain that we returned to Redknights with their number considerably augmented.

Amongst her handsome gifts to me there was a splendid coat of darkest Russian sable luxuriously lined with quilted lemon satin.

I put on my sable coat—I had worn it to the ball—for Leigh said the night was chilly, and with my lover I went out into the open air.

The revel and its gaiety were at their height; but we, I am sure, had forgotten all about it.

True, we heard the music and the laughter, we saw the dazzling lights; but we two with each other were as much alone in creation as if we had the whole world and its sweet night to ourselves.

Ah, how happy were we—how perfectly happy! Dear Heaven, could it last? Was it possible that out of heaven it could last?

Leigh had been explaining to me what it was that had hindered him in town and had made him so late in coming down to the Priory; and actually it turned out that the tiresome delay was all through old Mr. Jones!

The shadowy old gentleman, I then heard had been for some time ailing, was suddenly taken worse, and, thinking that he was going to die, he had sent in a great hurry for his benefactor, Leigh Eversleigh, the truest friend he had ever known.

Leigh, it appeared, had found him in the hands of an incompetent Bob Sawyer, a hare-brained youth fresh from one of the hospitals.

This good-for-nothing young man had got it into his head that his patient was suffering from a weak heart, and was treating him accordingly.

In reality, poor old Mr. Jones' attack was nothing in the world but violent indigestion. So Leigh promptly sent Mr. Bob Sawyer about his business, and placed his old friend in the care of a clever physician with whom he, Leigh Eversleigh, was personally acquainted.

But this had taken time; and Leigh had been belated for the ball.

"And did you leave the old man getting better?" I asked earnestly.

"Much better, my dear one; in fact, nearly well. He knew before I left that I was starting for Buckinghamshire, Flower, and he asked me to give you his 'respectful compliments.'"

"Good old man," I murmured. "Leigh," I said suddenly, "do you know, dear, when I look back to—to the past—and I often do look back, sad as looking back is—I catch myself fancying sometimes that it was you—yes, you and nobody else, Leigh—who sent old Mr. Jones to live in Mrs. Sadler's top-floor lodgings in Bentham street—that it was you who were so kind all the while to—to my little child and to me? Old Mr. Jones was simply your agent, merely obeying your orders—that was it—I am convinced of it now—carrying out to the letter the instructions you had previously given him? Oh, Leigh, I am right, am I not? You cannot deny it!"

"Why should I wish to deny it, Flower—now?" he said. "There can be no secrets between us two now."

And then he told me that he had always loved me—loved me, yes, from the very day on which he had first met! Very sweet was it to hear; but—but I do not think that it was news.

He told me how hard it had been—the keeping of his secret; confessed how wretched, how staggered he was when I fled with Isis from Thangate—for he divined that I should never more return to Mrs. Ramage's house in Chesterfield Avenue. He believed that he had then lost sight of me, perhaps never again to see me.

He was aware how utterly alone I was in the world; well knew how cold and cruel is vast London to the friendless and the despairing soul, especially to a friendless and despairing woman; and, loving me so well and generously, he wanted to watch over me, to shield me and the child from all possible calamity.

But, albeit he guessed that I had gone back to London, he was in complete ignorance of my hiding-place; and so he was powerless, could do nothing.

Day and night he thought of me, prayed for me, and watched untiringly for a clue which might lead to his finding me.

One day he had the good fortune to see Miss de Vere—Aurora Ramage; but she did not see him.

Seated in a hansom, she was driving rapidly in a north-westerly direction, in the neighborhood of Regent's Park.

A light, as it were, all at once broke upon him. He divined Aurora's errand, hailed another hansom, and, unsuspected, followed her to Primrose Hill.

Leaving Primrose Hill behind her, she was carried into the dingy and, to Leigh, quite strange locality in the midst of which Bentham Street is situated.

Cleverly and cautiously he tracked Aurora until he saw her enter Mrs. Sadler's house.

On the following day he dispatched his ancient friend and pensioner, old Mr. Jones, to make certain inquiries of the landlady in Bentham street—inquiries, nevertheless, that must raise no suspicion—and the result of old Mr. Jones' diplomacy was that the old man himself became Mrs. Sadler's mysterious top-floor lodger, with instructions, and with the means, to remain in her house so long as Mrs. Darkwood and her child should likewise remain in it.

"Never a day passed," now confessed Leigh, "without old Mr. Jones coming to the Temple—that is, if I was in London—to let me hear how you, Flower, and the little one were getting along; how you were managing together; what you were doing; whether or not—my darling, forgive me—whether or not you—you were in the slightest need of aught that it was in my power to supply. If ever you were in distress, in trouble, in any great misery—particularly should he learn that you were at any time in pressing need of a strong and true friend's presence and assistance—his orders were instantly to let me know of it. And strictly did the old man honor the confidence I had ventured to repose in him; and faithfully, too, did he discharge the duty which he had so willingly undertaken to please me."

In a passion of love and gratitude I clung to my noble lover.

"So generous—so unselfish—and—and yet so cold!" I cried a little incoherently. "Throughout you knew—you knew the whole of that mournful time where I and Isis were living, and—and yet you yourself, Leigh, never came near us!"

He held me fast to his true heart.

"Dearest, I came to you when I was obliged—when duty and real necessity compelled me," he said simply. "I could not come before. How could I? You were living apart from Daryl. . . . Was it not right therefore—hard though indeed it was—that I should hold aloof from you, loving

you as I did? Flower, I loved you too well to let even the shadow of a reproach touch you through me. The world, my dear one, has no mercy upon a woman in life placed as you were then placed. I tried to do what was—what was best and right, for your sake, Flower, my beloved!"

"Nevertheless, sir, you have been cold to me—singularly, inexplicably cold and strange sometimes. You were cold, unlike yourself, when you came to Arley Bridge; you have been cold and odd to me likewise at Redknights; but I will not humor your vanity, sir, by confessing as freely as I might how this coldness of yours has at times hurt me. Some day you shall hear perhaps—not now, because, Leigh, I am so happy, so happy, and disagreeable memories shall in no wise be suffered to cloud the ——"

Again he drew me to his heart and held me there; and thus stifled what I would say.

"Flower," he whispered, "cannot you then understand? A great love is a terrible tyrant—a man's absolute master. Often was I afraid of it myself, knowing it to be my master. My darling, if I was ever really cold to you, it was because I dared not be too kind! By the stars in heaven above us, my beloved, that is the stern truth! Can you not conceive what a hard fight it was for me? My love had somehow to be conquered, trampled down; and I wrestled with it daily as valiantly as I was able—daily I strove to live it down. And so I said to myself wearily that it was well and wholesome for me—a great chance for you—when events brought about the opportunity of your finding a haven of peace at Redknights, of your taking shelter from a world you were sick of, beneath the roof of Daryl's old home; though I never dreamed—how should I?—when I plotted for your coming hither to Mrs. Eversleigh, of the extraordinary revelation touching your birth and your marriage then in store for us all. I persuaded myself that, could a reconciliation only be brought about between Daryl and his grandfather, it would in all probability lead to another reconciliation that was greatly to be desired for others as well. My darling, you understand me now?"

"You wished," I murmured back, "to see Daryl and me also reconciled—restored to each other? Yes, I—I knew that."

"Because," he said, "I believed it to be the only possible state of affairs which could ever conduce to the absolute curing of my most terrible madness. My great love was in truth a great folly—what good in the circumstances could ever come of it? Alas, Flower, no good whatever—nothing but evil and dire unrest! Let it be cured then—slain outright, if it could be done—at any cost!"

"My poor true Leigh!" said I tenderly, in the dim white star-shine smiling upward into his faithful eyes. "My poor true love!"

"Poor indeed, dear heart," he echoed loudly, and yet a trifle sadly. "For, wild and strong as was this great love of mine, it was nevertheless after all the passion of a weak and an inconsistent coward."

"No, no, no! Never that, Leigh!"

"Yes, surely that, Flower, and nothing less. The mere thought of your burying yourself alive in some joyless ascetic sisterhood or other—and that was what you threatened to do, recollect—was to me a torture unendurable. You would be lost to me utterly then. I should be left in the world—you would be gone from it. In that case I should never more see you, never more hear your dear voice, never more touch your dear hand with mine. It must not, it should not be! If you went instead to live at Redknights—ah, then would it not be different? Sometimes then—even though it were but once in every year—I might see you, sometimes listen to your voice, sometimes feel the rapture of your touch, sometimes realize, just for a sweet brief space, that you and I, my own darling, were here upon earth together. And the mere thought of even that poor gleam of happiness, Flower, was—was to me ——"

He paused, looked upward, with the wan moonlight upon his bare head and face. He drew a deep, strong, quivering breath which seemed to break from his very soul.

"Yes, Leigh?" breathed I, trembling in his arms.

"Was to me as a foretaste of the bliss of heaven itself!" he answered reverently.

* * * * * *

Leigh did at length let me go; and I left him smoking a cigar in the avenue.

I re-entered the house, seeking my mother. The ball-room was nearly deserted; the musicians had temporarily vanished; so it was clear that the supper-room and the other rooms must be thronged.

Was my mother in the supper-room. Probably.

I was hastening thither when I met Lady Tracy. Her attendant knight was a stranger to me.

She stopped; he went on a few paces by himself, then halted too, pulling his moustache somewhat discontentedly, and waiting for Aurora.

I suppose there was something in my face which made her exclaim sotto voce, with her brightest and shrewdest smile, whilst her mischievous eyes sparkled like the diamonds in her fair hair—

"Flower, my dear, tell me what has happened!"

"Nothing! Aurora, where is my mother? Can you tell me?"

"Yes. Not many minutes since she went in to supper with—I think it was General Hurst. Now, Flower, what has happened—will you tell me that?"

Under her keen bright laughing eyes I believe I blushed like the veriest schoolgirl. But, perceiving this, she had no mercy. Her quizzing glance made me writhe.

"Aurora—Aurora," I stammered helplessly, secretly wondering whether I looked sublimely happy or ridiculously foolish—"once upon a time, long ago, I had my fortune told. And to-night, Aurora—well, what do you think? It—it has come true! That is all."

"All!"

She seized me by both hands, for seconds shook them vigorously, then imprinted a hearty kiss upon either of my burning cheeks.

"Hurrah!" cried she as she released me—a brief characteristic comment, by-the-way, which seemed in no slight degree to astonish the man who was waiting for her. "Hurrah!"

* * * * * *

We live at Redknights; and of course my darling mother lives there with us. The great house, with all belonging to it, is really hers; but she always declares that it is not.

It is my mother's most earnest wish that our eldest boy shall, in addition to his own name of Eversleigh, take the name of Darkwood—that is to say, by-and-by, when he shall, Heaven willing, have grown to man's estate.

Since this is my mother's desire, the child—when a man—shall be known as Daryl Darkwood. He is called Daryl Eversleigh now.

Positively I am almost afraid that Buckle and Mrs. Jessamy are spoiling the children; but my mother, who, I think, is as wise as she is loving, says that at present one need not mind; it does not matter; for kindness and love are the very sunshine of little children's lives. Spoil them in their young days, in the right way, she says, and it will never hurt them.

It happens that I am writing these the last words of my autobiography at Arley Bridge. We are staying for a few weeks with the Earl and Countess of Starch. Arley Bridge is Aurora's favorite home. Starch itself, she says, is too large to be comfortable—it reminds her of the Langham Hotel.

How wonderful are the changes which the years bring round! Whether viewed in lightest jest or in gravest earnest, life is an amazing kaleidoscope.

Last night Leigh and I were in Arley churchyard; together we had strolled thither in the dusk of that summer's evening.

It was very quiet and holy there as we stood by a little grave. And Leigh, stooping, gathered in silence a blue periwinkle flower from amidst the mossy stones near to the spot, and fastened the drooping spray in the bosom of my gown.

I can hardly tell in what direction his thoughts at the moment were drifting; but he drew me towards him, held me firmly, and looked seriously down into my eyes.

"Are you satisfied, Flower?" he says. "I often wonder. My dear one, tell me faithfully—has life anything more to give you?"

"Nothing, Leigh.

"'I think of early days, and thee,
And bless thee,'"

I answer passionately, yet low: and my arms go upward and rest about his neck.

He bends his head. His lips are upon mine.

"Flower, my sweet wife," he says, "then I too am satisfied."

[THE END.]

With Golden Curls.

BY LESLIE STIRRIDGE.

NOW, I don't think there is a touch of jealousy in my nature—a jealous woman has always been my pet abomination—but I must confess that, just for one moment, I had a strange choking sensation in my throat when I saw my husband's face become suddenly distorted by emotion at a mere passing glance from a pretty woman.

Pretty she undoubtedly was, nay, almost lovely, with large blue eyes, and golden hair that clustered around her head in little curls; there was an air of elegance, too, in her dress and equipage, that denoted both wealth and refinement.

She bowed to my husband as she drove past, but it was only the greeting of a chance acquaintance; he, however, as if unable to take his eyes from her, leaned over the balcony, and followed the movements of her carriage with a painfully eager glance until the trees hid it from view.

Even then he seemed utterly oblivious of my presence, but stood by my side with that same white, startled expression on his face, that had first attracted my attention. Anything is better than suspense. I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Herbert, who is she? Why, why——"

I could say no more, my voice failed me.

He turned quickly round.

"Why, Alice, what is the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

"Who is she?" I repeated—"the lady in that carriage with the foreign-looking man?"

"The Countess de Lissa," he replied very quietly, almost sadly. "She was Annie Lisle, a cousin of the Beaumonts."

It was a name I had never heard.

"Do you know her well?"

"I never spoke to her in my life."

"Then why——"

"Oh, I know what you mean. It is only an old piece of folly, but I cannot shake it off. We won't talk about it now, for it is a rather painful subject. Let us go out into the sunshine."

But if he imagined I was going to be satisfied with that, he was very much mistaken. I saw it was no good pressing the point just then; I must wait for a better opportunity.

It was not long in coming. We were making our way slowly down south, (we were on our honeymoon), and arrived at Mentone.

As soon as table d'hote was over, we established ourselves in our little private sitting-room, for there was no chance of going out, as it was raining furiously.

For some time I went on diligently making cigarettes, but at length, when my pile was greater than any man could smoke in a month, I began my attack with what I regarded as no inconsiderable amount of skill.

A shade of annoyance passed over Herbert's countenance when he became aware of the turn the conversation was taking; but as he looked down into my eager face, his expression changed. He said very gently:

"Alice, what a thorough woman you are! I have been on the point of telling you that story half-a-dozen times, only I never care very much to talk about it. You see, I don't understand it, and I suppose now, I never shall."

Here Herbert hesitated, and there was a touch of embarrassment in his manner when, after a pause, he began to speak; and his face had a grave, troubled look which I had never seen there before.

"A year ago last September," he began, "I went into Pembrokeshire to spend a few days with the Beaumonts. It was the first time I had been at Plas Beaumont, and as I had come straight through from London, and it was nearly seven when I arrived, I went to my room at once. The Plas was originally an old farm-house, which has been added to and altered by each successive generation until it has become a good-sized, comfortable country residence. I remember, as we drove up the avenue, being struck by the extraordinary length of the building; although only two stories high, it is as long as half a dozen ordinary houses put together.

"My room was at the front of the house, at the top of the staircase that leads out of the hall. There was nothing about it to attract any special attention; I know half a dozen country houses that have just such rooms. The old carved-oak wainscot was rather quaint, but the bed and furniture were quite modern. Opposite the door leading from the staircase was a large window running the whole length of the room; at right angles to this window, and close to it, was another door, with a heavy curtain partially covering it. All this I had time to observe whilst dressing, for the servant had told me that dinner was not until a quarter to eight.

"It was just half-past seven when I had finished dressing, and my hand was already on the door handle, when—now, Alice, I can only tell you what I saw: even for myself I can find no explanation—the smaller door was suddenly burst open, and a tall, dark man, evidently a foreigner, sprang in, seized me by the arm; even now I can feel the gripe of his fingers. He said something, but the only words I could distinguish were, 'Help! For God's sake help!' He almost dragged me after him through a room into a passage, through another room, down a long corridor, and only stopped when we were in front of the door of the end room of the house. Before he opened this door, he turned and looked at me. I saw his face as clearly as I see yours at this moment. He was a handsome man, with clear, well-cut features, black hair, and a sword cut above the left eyebrow. He had a tall, lithe figure, and even in my fright, I was struck by his air of distinction.

"We stood there looking at each other for perhaps half a minute, which to me seemed an eternity; then my companion opened the door and led me into a bed room, smaller and more old-fashioned than the one that had been given to me, but very like it. It had the same long, low window, but, instead of my little iron bed, there was a large old four-poster, that must have been made centuries before, hung with yellow chintz, which seemed to be covered with little, black, dancing figures.

"The man, still holding me by the arm, led me up to the bed. On it, stretched full length, was lying a woman, or rather a girl for she did not look more than one-or-two-and twenty. She was in evening dress, and around her neck there was a curiously wrought old mosaic necklace. At this moment, as I think of her, I see her again as clearly as I saw her that night. She was a beautiful woman, one that, in any case, it would not have been easy to forget, but I had never seen her before. As I looked at her—she was in the full glare of the setting sun—I noticed that there was a thin red line running around her neck, as if it had been cut with some sharp instrument, and blood was slowly oozing out on one side, and running down the pillow.

"Then, for the first time, I noticed that the man, who was standing by my side, held a long pointed knife in his hand, and it was blood-stained. I sprang forward to raise the woman——

"The next thing I remember was, that I was standing with my hand upon the handle of my bedroom door, ready to go down to dinner."

Beads of perspiration were standing on my husband's brow when he finished speaking.

"My dear Herbert, you surely did not let that trouble you? You were tired—it is an awful journey to Pembroke. You must have had some sort of a fit, perhaps a touch of sunstroke?" and I strove to drive away my husband's gloom, for his ghastly paleness frightened me.

He looked dreamily out of the window.

"Yes, yes, that is what I said to myself. I did not like it, even then, for it is not pleasant to have one's imagination playing such tricks; but I was sure it was only imagination, particularly as I found that the little door was bolted on my side and locked on the other.

"I shook myself together and went down into the drawing room. There were several people staying in the house; some few were old friends of mine, but most of them were strangers. Dinner was late, for Mr. Beaumont, and some of the men had been out shooting on the moors. I was sitting on the sofa, talking to Mrs. Beaumont, when, just as the gong was sounding, a tall, beautiful girl came into the room, and as she passed, turned to speak to Mrs. Beaumont.

"For a moment my heart ceased beating. She was the woman whom I had seen that night, lying on the bed with her throat cut. It was the same form, the same golden curls, and the same quaint old mosaic necklace was around her neck; and, standing not a yard behind her, was the tall dark Creole, whom I had last seen with a blood-stained knife in his hand.

"The room seemed to spin round; I could only gaze helplessly at the girl. Mrs. Beaumont must have thought that I was mad. Mechanically I listened whilst she asked if I felt ill, and assured me that I should kill myself if I did not take more rest.

"At length I recovered myself sufficiently to ask who the lady with the golden curls was.

"'That tall girl in white? She is Annie Lisle, a niece of Mr. Beaumont's. Is she not pretty? And that tall dark man that came in with her is her *fiance*, the Count de Lissa. They are to be married next month.'

"The next day I told Mrs. Beaumont all that I had seen, or dreamed. She listened to me very patiently, but smiled, and assured me that I had been working too hard, and must stay and let them nurse me. With infinite trouble I persuaded her to come to my room and unlock the side door. As soon as I entered the room into which it opened, I recognized it, and at once, without a moment's hesitation, led the way through the second room, the passage, and the corridor just as the man had taken me the night before.

"I knew every step of the way, and only stopped when we reached the door of the room where I had seen the woman lying. Here Mrs. Beaumont held me back. I noticed that although she still tried to smile, she seemed anxious and disturbed. She knocked at the door, and then, as no answer came, we went in. It was impossible to mistake that large old-fashioned four-post bed; I could have sworn to the very pattern of the hangings.

"And this was Annie Lisle's room, Mrs. Beaumont told me.

"What was to be done? Annie Lisle was a penniless girl, and the Count de Lissa was a brilliant parti, and a man of irreproachable character. Mrs. Beaumont argued that it would be little short of cruelty to let the story be known.

"I left the house that night, and the marriage took place the next month.

"I am waiting for the sequel."

IN SWIMMING.—The ability to behave wisely in case of sudden accidents on the water can only be acquired by experience, just as everything else has to be acquired. The theory of the matter can be taught in swimming schools, but the practice must be acquired by experience. Hence, in some swimming schools, the pupils are taken out in a boat, the latter being upset purposely, as if the upset happened accidentally. They are also suddenly pushed overboard, and subjected to all manner of prepared accidents, so as to accustom them to acting in emergencies. In this way pupils learn to behave in case of real accidents, and are protected against the loss of their presence of mind on occasions of danger on the water. They are also taught to have faith in the sustaining power of the water itself. They get to know that the water will sustain them if they will only render it the least help. It is unfortunately not generally known that a finger laid upon an oar, or the gunwale of an overturned boat, or a board, or almost any floating object, will sustain the human body in calm water. Persons who have been properly taught, and who have acquired the habit of acting with self-possession in the water when they are upset, do not attempt to climb upon the overturned boat, but simply take hold of it and quietly support themselves. A boat half filled with water, or completely overturned, will support as many persons as can get their hands upon the gunwale, if they behave quietly. In a case of accident, a person who understands and acts in accordance with these facts would stand a better chance of being saved, even if he were a poor swimmer, than an expert swimmer would have should he lose his presence of mind.

THE STOICAL PROBLEM.—There was a famous problem among the Stoics, which ran thus: "When a man says, 'I lie,' does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies." Many were the profound works written on this wonderful problem. Chrysippus favored the world with no less than six; and Philetus studied himself to death in vain attempts to solve it.

WHATSOEVER you would that men do to you do you even so unto them.

A SUMMER TRYST.

BY K. T. S.

The birds rose, frightened; in the lane,
  Upon the hush of Summer,
Broke dash of wheels and prancing hoofs:
  They looked for no such comer.
A dainty damsel, waiting, sat,
  Smiling in shy, sweet pleasure;
Her dog beside her watched, well skilled
  Each mood of hers to measure.
"Coo, coo," the ring-doves sang—"We know:
The tale first told so long ago."

Now Fido pricks his ears: a step
  Draws near; there's low-voiced greeting:
What has the curious world to do
  With plighted lovers' meeting?
The Summer days were made for them,
  And sylvan haunts, high springing;
On through the leafy lanes they drive,
  While birds are once more singing.
"Coo, coo," the ring-doves murmur low—
"You see it now; we told you so."

Storms and Sunshine

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER III.

OLIVER was waiting in College Street standing near the Hare and Hounds Inn. Mr. Preen pulled up.

"Well, I thought there'd be hardly time, and I might miss you; I went to get my hair cut," replied Oliver, as he settled himself in his place beside his father.

Mr. Preen drove on in silence until they were opposite the Commandery gates in the lower part of Sidbury. Then he spoke again.

"What made you drive through Friar Street on Saturday last, instead of going the direct way?"

"Through — Friar Street?" stammered Oliver.

"Through Friar Street, instead of High Street," repeated Mr. Preen, in a sharp, passionate accent.

"Oh, I remember. High Street is so crowded on a market day; the back streets are quiet," said Oliver, as if he had a lump in his throat, and could not make his voice heard.

"And in taking the back streets you avoid the silversmith's, and the risk you run of being recognized; is that it?" savagely retorted Mr. Preen.

Not another word did he speak, only drove on home at a furious pace. Oliver knew all then; the disgrace for which he had been so long waiting, had come upon him.

But when they got indoors, Mr. Preen let loose the vials of his wrath upon Oliver. Before his mother, before Jane, he published his iniquity.

It was he, Oliver, who had stolen the ten pound note; it was he who had so craftily got it changed at Worcester. Oliver spoke not a word of denial, made no attempt at excuse or defence; he stood with bent head and pale, meek face, his blue eyes filled with utter misery.

The same look of misery lay in Mrs. Preen's eyes; she faintly reproached him amid tears and sobs. Jane was simply stunned.

"You must go away now and hide yourself; I can't keep you here to be found and pounced upon," roared Mr. Preen. "By the end of the week you must be gone somewhere. Perhaps you can pick up a living in London."

"Yes, I will go," said Oliver, very meekly.

And at the first lull in the storm he crept up to his room.

He did not come down to dinner; did not come to tea. Jane carried up a cup of tea upon a waiter and some bread-and-butter, and put it down outside the chamber door, which he had bolted.

Later, in passing his room, she saw the door open and went in. Cup and plate were both empty, so he had taken the refreshment.

He was not in the house, was not in the garden. Putting on her sun-bonnet and a light shawl, she ran to the Inlets.

Oliver was there. He sat, gazing moodily at the brook and the melancholy osier-twigs, that grew beside it. Jane sat down and bent his poor distressed face upon her shoulder.

"Dear Oliver! Don't take it so to heart. I know you must have been sorely tempted."

Bending there upon her, her arms clasping him, yielding to the loving sympathy, so grateful after those harsh reproaches, he told her all, under cover of the gathering shades of evening. Yes, he had been tempted—and had yielded to the temptation.

He wanted money badly for necessary things, and things that he had learned to deem necessaries, and he had it not. A pair of new gloves now and again, a necktie to replace his shabby ones, a trifle of loose silver in his pocket.

He owed a small sum to MacEveril, and wanted to repay him. Once or twice he had asked a little money of his father, and was refused.

His mother would give him a few shillings, when pressed, but grumbled over it. So Oliver wrote to a friend at Tours, whom he had known well, asking if he would lend him some. That was the first week in June.

His friend wrote back in answer that he could lend him some after quarter day, the 24th, but not before; he would send him over ten pounds then, if that would do.

Never a thought had presented itself to Oliver of touching the ten pounds in his father's letter to Mr. Paul, which he had sealed and saw posted.

But on the following afternoon, Wednesday, he saw the letter lying on Mr. Hanborough's desk; the temptation assailed him, and he took it.

It may be remembered that Mr. Preen had gone out that hot day, leaving Oliver a lot of work to do.

He got through it soon after four o'clock, and went dashing over the cross route to Islip and into Mr. Paul's office, for he wanted to see Dick MacEveril.

The office was empty; not a soul was in it; and as Oliver stood, rather wondering at that unusual fact, he saw a small pile of letters, evidently just left by the postman, lying on the desk close to him.

The uppermost of the letters he recognized at once; it was the one sent by his father.

"If I might borrow the ten pounds inside that now, I should be at ease; I would replace it with the ten pounds coming to me from Tours, and it might never get known," whispered Satan in his ear, with plausible cunning.

Never a moment did he allow himself for thought, never an instant's hesitation served to stop him. Catching up the letter, he thrust it into his breast pocket, and set off across country again at a tearing pace, not waiting to see MacEveril.

He seemed to have flown over hedges and ditches and to be home in no time. Little wonder that when he was seen sitting under the walnut tree in the garden and was called in to tea, his mother and sister exclaimed at his heated face. They never suspected he had been out.

All that night Oliver lay awake; partly wondering how he should dispose of his prize to make it available; partly telling himself, in shamed-faced reproach, that he would not use it, but send it back to old Paul.

It came into his mind that if he did use it he might change it at the silversmith's as if for the Todhetleys, the Squire's name on the back suggesting the idea to him.

It would not do, he thought, to go into a shop, any shop, purchase some trifling article and tender a ten pound note, in payment.

That might give rise to suspicion. Some months before, when at Crabb Cot, he had heard Mrs. Todhetley relate the history of her brooch, where she bought it, what she paid for it, and all about it, to Colonel Letsom's wife and other people, for it happened that several callers had come in together.

The brooch had been passed round the company and admired. Oliver remembered this, and resolved to make use of it to disarm suspicion at the silversmith's.

He knew the principal shops in Worcester very well indeed, and Worcester itself. He had stayed for some time, when sixteen, with an uncle, who was living there; but he had not visited the city since coming to Duck Brook.

Thursday, the day following that on which he took the money, was the day of the picnic.

Oliver started with Jane for it in the morning, as may be remembered, the ten pound note hidden safely about him. Much to Oliver's surprise his mother put seven shillings into his hand.

"You'll not want to use it, and must give it me back to-morrow," she said, "but it does not look well to go to a thing of this sort with quite empty pockets."

Oliver thanked her, kissed her, and they drove off. Before reaching Mrs. Jacob Chandler's, after passing Islip Grange—the property of Lady Fontaine, as may be remembered, who was first cousin to John Paul—they overtook Sam, walking on to take back the gig.

"We may as well get out here," said Oliver, and he pulled up.

Getting out, and helping out Jane, he sent Sam and the gig back at once. He bade his sister walk on alone to Mrs. Chandler's, saying he wanted to do a little errand first.

But he charged her not to mention that; only to say, if questioned, that he would join them by-and-bye. He ran all the way to the station, regardless of the heat, and caught a train for Worcester.

The rest is known. Oliver changed the note at the silversmith's, bought himself a pair of dandy gloves, with one or two other small matters, and made the best of his way back again.

But it was past the middle of the afternoon when he got to the picnic; trains do not choose our time for running, but their own.

Jane wondered where he had been. Hearing of the pigeon-match, she thought it was there. She asked him, in a whisper, where he had found those delicate gloves; Oliver laughed and said something about a last relic from Tours.

And there it was. He had taken the note; he, Oliver Preen; and got the gold for it.

That day of the picnic was in truth the worst he had ever experienced, the one hard day of all his life, as he had remarked to Jane.

Not only had he committed a deed in it which might never be redeemed, but he also learnt that Emma Paul's love was given not to him, but to another. It was for her sake he had coveted new gloves and money in his pockets, that he might not look despicable in her sight.

The dearest and surest of expectations are those that fail. While Oliver, as the days went on, was feverishly looking out, morning after morning, for the remittance from Tours, he received a letter to say it was not coming.

His friend, with many expressions of regret, wrote to the effect that he was unable to send it at present; later, he hoped to do so.

Of course, it never came. And Oliver had not been able to replace the money, and—this was the end of it.

In a whispering, sobbing tone, he told these particulars by degrees to Jane as they sat there. She tried to comfort him; said it might never be known beyond themselves at home; rather advocated his going away for a short period, as proposed, while things righted themselves, and their father's anger cooled down.

But Oliver could not be comforted. Then, leaving the unsatisfactory theme, she tried another, and began telling him of the wedding at Islip that morning, and of how Tom and Emma looked——

"Don't, Jane," he interrupted; and his wailing, shrinking to seemed to betray the keenest pain of all.

They walked home together in silence, Jane clinging to his arm. The night shades lay upon the earth, the stars were shining in the sky. Oliver laid his hand upon the garden gate and paused.

"Do you remember, Jane, when I was coming in here for the first time, how a strange shiver took me, and you thought I must have caught a chill. It was a warning, my dear; a warning of the evil that lay in store for me."

He would not go into the parlor to supper, but went softly up to his room and shut himself in for the night. Poor Oliver! Poor, poor Oliver!

The following day, Friday, Mr. Preen, allowing himself the unwonted luxury of a holiday for a day's shooting, was away betimes. For the afternoon and evening, Mrs. Jacob Chandler's daughters, Clementina, Georgiana, and Julietta, had organized a party to celebrate their cousin Tom's wedding; Miss Julietta called it a "flare-up."

Jane Preen had promised, for herself and for Oliver, to be there by three o'clock. For Oliver! She made herself ready after dinner; and then, looking everywhere for her brother, found him standing in the road just outside the garden gate. He said he was not going.

Jane reproached him, and he quite laughed at her. He go into company now! she might know better.

But Jane had great influence over him, and as he walked with her along the road—for she was going to walk in and walk back again at night—she nearly persuaded him to fetch her. Only nearly; not quite. Oliver finally refused, and they had almost a quarrel.

Then the tears ran down Jane's cheeks. Her heart was aching in pain for him; and her object in pressing him to come was to take him out of his loneliness.

"Just this one evening, Oliver!" she whispered, clinging to him and kissing him. "I don't ask you a favor often."

And Oliver yielded.

"I'll come for you, Janey," he said, kissing her in return. "That is, I will come on and meet you; I cannot go to the house."

With that, they parted. But in another minute, Jane was running back again.

"You will be sure to come, Oliver? You won't disappoint me? You won't go from your word?"

Oliver felt a little annoyed; the sore heart grows fretful.

"I swear I'll come, then," he said; "I'll meet you, alive or dead."

I was at the party. Not Ted; he had gone shooting. We spent the afternoon in the garden.

It was not a large party, after all; only the Letsoms, Jane Preen, and the Chandler girls; but others were expected later. Jane had a disconsolate look.

Knowing nothing of the trouble at Duck Brook, I thought she was sad because Valentine had not come early according to promise. We knew later that he had been kept by what he called a long-winded client.

At five o'clock we went indoors to tea. Those were the days of real, old-fashioned teas, not sham ones, as now. Hardly had we seated ourselves round the table, and Mrs. Jacob Chandler was inquiring who took sugar and who didn't, when one of the maids came in.

"If you please, Miss Preen, the gig is come for you," she said.

"The gig!" exclaimed Jane. "Come for me. You must be mistaken, Susan."

"It is at the gate, Miss Jane, and Sam's in it. He says that his master and missus have sent him to take you home immediate."

Jane, all astonishment, followed by some of us, went out to see what Sam could mean. Sam only repeated in a stolid kind of way the message he had given to Susan. His master and mistress had despatched him for Miss Jane and she must go home at once.

"Is anything the matter?—anyone ill?" asked Jane, turning pale.

Sam, looking more stolid than before, professed not to know anything; he either did not or would not. Miss Jane had to go, and as quick as she could, was all he would say.

Jane put on her things, said good-bye in haste, and went out again to the gig. Sam drove off at a tangent before she had well collected herself.

"Now, Sam, what's the matter?" she began.

Sam, in about three stolid words, protested, as before, he couldn't say what was the matter; except that he had been sent off for Miss Jane.

Jane noticed, and thought it odd, that he did not look at her as he spoke, though he was frank and open by habit; he had never looked in any of their faces since coming to the door.

"Where's Mr. Oliver?" she asked. But Sam only muttered that he "couldn't say" and drove swiftly.

They went on in silence after that, Jane seeing it would be useless to inquire further, and were soon at Duck Brook. She felt very uneasy.

What she feared was, that her father and Oliver might have quarreled, and that the latter was about to be turned summarily out of doors.

"Why, there's Mr. Oliver!" she exclaimed. "Pull up, Sam."

They were passing the first Inlet. Oliver stood at the top of it, facing the road, evidently looking out for her, as Jane thought. His gaze was fixed, his face white as death.

"I told you to pull up, Sam; how dare you disobey me and drive on in that way?" cried Jane.

Sam had whipped up the horse instead of stopping. Jane, looking at his face saw it had gone white too.

"There he is! there he is again! There's Mr. Oliver!"

They had approached the other Inlet as Jane spoke. Oliver stood at the top of it, exactly as he had stood at the other, his gaze fixed on her, his face ghastly. Not a muscle of his face moved; a dead man could not be more still. Sam, full of terror, was driving on like lightning, as if some evil thing were pursuing him.

And now Jane turned pale. What did it mean? these two appearances? It was totally impossible for Oliver to be at the last Inlet, if it was he who stood at the other. A bird of the air might have picked him up, carried him swiftly over the trees and dropped him at the second Inlet; nothing else could have done it in the time. What did it mean?

Mr. Preen was waiting at the door to receive Jane. He came a little way with slow steps down the path to meet her as the gig stopped. She ran in at the gate.

"What has happened, papa?" she cried. "Where's Oliver?"

Oliver was up stairs, lying upon his bed—dead. Mr. Preen disclosed it to her as gently as he knew how.

* * * * * *

It was too true. Oliver had died about two hours before. He had shot himself at the Inlets, close by the melancholy osiers that grew over the brook.

Oliver had accompanied Jane to the end of Brook Lane. There, at the Islip Road, they parted; she going on to Crabb, Oliver walking back again.

Upon reaching the Inlets, that favorite spot of his, he sat down on the bench that faced the highway; the selfsame bench Jane had sat on when she was watching for his arrival from Tours, in the early days of spring.

He had not sat there above a minute when he saw his father, with one or two more gentlemen, get over the gate from the field opposite. They were returning from shooting, and had their guns in their hands. Mr. Preen walked quickly over the road to Oliver.

"Take my gun indoors," he said; "I am not going in just yet. It is loaded."

He walked away down the road with his friends, after speaking. Oliver took the gun, walked slowly down one of the Inlets, and put himself on the nearest bench there, lodging the gun against the end. In a few minutes there arose a loud report.

Sam was in the upper part of the field on the other side the brook with the wagon and wagoner. He turned to look where the noise came from, and thought he saw someone lying on the ground by the bench. They both came round in haste, he and the wagoner, and found Oliver Preen lying dead with the gun beside him.

Running for assistance, Sam helped to carry him home, and then went for the nearest doctor; but it was all of no avail. Oliver was dead.

Was it an accident, or was it intentional? People asked the question. At the coroner's inquest, Mr. Preen, who was so affected he could hardly give evidence, said that, so far as he believed, Oliver was one of the last people likely to lay violent hands on himself; he was of too calm and gentle a temperament for that.

The rustic jury, pitying the father and believing him, gave Oliver the benefit of the doubt. Loaded guns were dangerous, they observed, apt to go off of themselves almost; and they brought it in Accidental Death.

But Jane knew better. I thought I knew better. I'm afraid Mr. Preen knew better.

And what of that appearance of Oliver which Jane saw? It could not have been Oliver in the flesh, but I think it must have been Oliver in the spirit. Many a time and oft in the days that followed did Jane recount it over to me; it seemed a relief to her distress to talk of it.

"He said he would come, alive or dead, to meet me; and he came."

And I, Johnny Ludlow, break off here to state that the account of this apparition is strictly true. Every minute particular attending it, even to the gig coming with Sam in it to fetch Jane from the tea-table, is a faithful record of that which occurred.

I took an opportunity of questioning Sam, asking whether he had seen the appearance. It was as we were coming away from the grave after the funeral. Oliver was buried in Duck Brook churchyard, close under the clock which had told him the time when he stood with his father posting the letters that past afternoon at Dame Sym's window.

"We are too late, father," he had said. But for being too late the tragedy might

never have happened, for the letter, which caused all the trouble and commotion, would have reached Mr. Paul's hands safely the next morning.

"No, sir," Sam answered me, "I can't say that I saw anything. But just as Miss Jane spoke, calling out that Mr. Oliver was there, a kind of shivering wind seemed to take me, and I turned icy cold. It was not her words that could have done it, sir, for I was getting so before she spoke. And at the last inlet, when she called it out again, I went almost out of my mind with cold and terror. The horse was affrighted too; his coat turned wet."

* * * * * *

That was the tragedy; no one can say I did wrong to call it one. For years and years it has been in my mind to write it. But I had hoped to end the paper less sadly; only the story has lengthened itself out, and there's no space left.

I meant to have told of Jane's brighter fate in the after days with Valentine, the one lover of her life. For Val pulled himself up from his reckless ways, though not at Jalip; and in a distant land they are now sailing down the stream of life together, passing through, as we all have to do, its storms and its sunshine.

[THE END.]

Iona's Escape.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

She was nine-and-twenty—yes, positively nine-and-twenty. And her friends said "one year more," laughing maliciously and wagging their heads, and knowing that the next year would be spent as the last twelve had been, in flirting in a quiet, subdued, lady-like way; but securing no one.

Despite her wit, beauty and accomplishments, for Iona had all of these, she had always been looked upon as an old maid.

Perhaps it was that little romance in her early budding womanhood, when people thought she was engaged and soon to be married, that kept suitors away from her. Perhaps it was her own disinclination to wed.

Certain it was, that Iona always had plenty of admirers; and everybody was ready to swear to her goodness, but some way she didn't marry. And now her lady friends were sure that she never would, for there wasn't an eligible young man in town, and Iona had heretofore laughed at this awful thirty, but now she set her lips in a straight line, and said—

"I'll do it. I may be a heartless wretch for it," she thought—"a miserable, plotting old maid—but I'll marry Edward Percy before I'm a year older. They shall not call me an old maid any longer."

And her mind once made up, nothing could alter it, or turn her from her purpose.

She made preparations for a journey into an adjoining town, where Edward Percy resided, to visit her aunt, who had always held Mr. Percy up as a model man, and really wished Iona would secure him.

Heretofore Miss Ross had always laughed, and said, "What, that old man, Aunt Mary?"

"He isn't very old—not fifty yet—not more than forty-five, and you'll be an old maid soon," Aunt Mary returned, very severely.

"Perhaps; but—but don't fret over it, auntie."

This was during her last visit of six months before, when Iona had scarcely spoken with Mr. Percy. She had seen him ever since she was a child, but never exchanged many words with him, notwithstanding Mr. Percy was very sociable, and fond of ladies' society; but he never seemed to have any time for Miss Ross, nor she for him.

They seemed to shun each other; he, because he knew she was a sort of coquette without being actually one; and she, because she fancied he didn't care to know her.

Her mind was made up, however; and as soon as she was safely at Aunt Mary's, and resting, she prepared to hear the usual amount of gossip.

"Young Fred Linton is married, Iona."

"Is he, indeed? To whom?"

"To that Hart girl—you remember. She must be a good deal older than Fred—a real old maid."

"Nearly as old as I am, Aunt Mary," she said.

"Aggie Graham is here," Aunt Mary continued.

"Is she on the list, too?"

"Yes; I suppose so. At least, her aunt is trying to make a match for her, and they're both jealous of Miss Dunton."

Again Miss Dunton, as though she had thrown everyone else in the shade.

And Iona, laughing again, said—

"My dear aunt, I begin to want to see this wonderful Miss Dunton.

"You will have the pleasure, I presume, as she and Mrs. Bridgewater will call this evening."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and Edward Percy always calls when she's here."

Iona Ross did not laugh this time. She merely arose from the lounge with a yawn, saying—

"Well, I shall have to dress, then, I suppose, and it's a terrible bore."

"Yes; Miss Dunton always dresses very nicely. I wish you could hear her read."

"Is she very wonderful?"

"She's a very fine reader. Mr. Percy thinks he never heard a better. I think you can read as well, Iona."

"Do you really?"

"Quite."

In that moment her resolution was made. She would not give public readings, but she would read for Edward Percy.

She had never looked better, and she did not look more than twenty, and she used no cosmetics either. Her hair and teeth were her own, not bought and paid for, but gifts of nature that she had carefully preserved.

"You'll do, Iona Ross, I think," she said, as she made a sweeping bow to herself in the opposite mirror. "You're not in love with Edward Percy or any other man, but you are going to marry him all the same."

She swept into the drawing-room, regal and stately as an empress, where Aunt Mary was trying to entertain Mrs. Bridgewater, little Miss Dunton, and Mr. Percy.

She bowed coolly to Mr. Percy, said, "How do you do?" to Mrs. Bridgewater, and acknowledged her introduction to Miss Dunton with a smiling "Happy to meet you!" and the campaign had fairly begun.

Miss Dunton, for a reader, lecturer, and woman who advocated woman's rights, was playing a remarkably weak and unreliant role. She was just saying, when Iona came in, that she got so tired of the battle of life sometimes; and after Miss Ross' little breezy disturbance, Mr. Percy, who was under the spell of the enchantress, and thought Miss Dunton about as near perfection as women generally are, leaned forward, and said, in an aside—

"Why not throw your burdens on stronger shoulders, then?"

"Alas! I have but little faith in anyone's strength,"—with a soft little fluttering sigh that touched the gentleman's heart, as she meant it should.

"Let me teach you faith," he said.

Aunt Mary and Mrs. Bridgewater were in deep conversation.

He had almost forgotten Iona, until he casually glanced in her direction, and met the scornful gaze of her proud, dark eyes, and a look of utter contempt on her face, whether for himself or his companion he could not tell. He made some trivial remark to her.

She answered him calmly and coldly, and then he said—

"Do, Miss Dunton, favor us with some music,"—glancing towards the open piano.

She hesitated a moment, colored faintly, and then said, "Not—not to-night, thank you."

Mr. Percy was a gentleman, but in some things very peculiar and straightforward, as in his question that followed immediately.

"You do play, don't you, Miss Dunton?"

Mrs. Bridgewater was looking at her strangely.

She dared not tell an untruth, and so said—

"No, I am sorry to say that I never had much desire to learn."

"Indeed! I think music a rare accomplishment."

There was visible disappointment in the gentleman's tone; but Aunt Mary, coming to the rescue, said, in her quiet way, "Perhaps Iona will play for us."

"Oh, excuse me. I had forgotten that Miss Ross played. Favor us, please."

Mr. Percy conducted her to the piano, where Iona felt that she should reap her first benefit in his eyes.

He was passionately fond of music, and Miss Ross played and sang with soul and spirit.

"You sing beautifully, Miss Ross," he said, when she arose to leave the instrument.

"Thank you," she replied, quietly.

The next time she met Miss Dunton and Mrs. Bridgewater, the latter exclaimed, "You seem to be quite a favorite of Mr. Percy's."

"Do I?"

"I thought so the other evening."

"I was not aware of it. I have known Mr. Percy since I was a child."

"Miss Ross, let us go out for a walk," Miss Dunton said.

Iona complied with her request at once, never dreaming that the fascinating reader meant to meet Mr. Percy in this walk, either by fair means or foul.

She adroitly led Miss Ross past Mr. Percy's house, saying, with seeming carelessness—

"What a handsome residence Mr. Percy has! I wonder he doesn't marry."

"Perhaps he will, some time," Iona returned.

"I shouldn't wonder," Miss Dunton assented, with a sweet smile.

Iona saw it; nothing about this woman ever escaped her eyes.

She said, "For my part, I don't see what there is so wonderfully attractive about Mr. Percy. I think women, especially single women, act like fools over him. If I was goose enough to fall in love with him, he never should know it."

"Why?"

"I wouldn't gratify his inordinate self-love enough for that."

Iona spoke vehemently, and the last sentence with extreme defiance.

She had discovered that someone was in the garden on the other side of the hedge, and whoever it was must have heard her first words.

She might as well carry the rest out boldly, even if the saying lost all her chance of Edward Percy.

He came forward a moment later with a basket of grapes in his hand, and she knew he had heard her.

Miss Dunton knew it, too. She had known it from the first, and purposely led her companion on to talk.

"Good afternoon, ladies," Mr. Percy said, smiling. "I am glad to see you looking so well to-day, Miss Dunton."

Not a word further to Iona, only a curious glance in her direction, as though he wondered what manner of woman she was, and then said, "Have some grapes, ladies? I have just been picking them."

"Oh, what lovely fruit!" Miss Dunton cried, in an ecstacy of delight, as she accepted the perfect bunches.

But Iona said, shortly, "No, thank you. I don't care for grapes."

"Perhaps you wouldn't accept them from me if you did," was the pointed reply, as he looked her straight in the eyes.

He had heard her, then, and took this early opportunity to remind her of it. She bowed coldly, and turned away.

Presently, the conversation drifted round to suit Miss Dunton, who said, with a doleful sigh—

"I have been utterly wretched to-day. No sunshine, all gray and cloudy, just like my life!"

Before Mr. Percy could reply, Iona exclaimed, quickly—

"You must make your own sunshine, Miss Dunton. I find it much better than waiting for somebody else to make it."

Miss Dunton did not answer, and Mr. Percy said, "Miss Ross says you must make your own sunshine."

Miss Dunton looked as though she did not appreciate what Miss Ross said; but that young lady continued, "Come, Miss Dunton, we really must return. Good afternoon, Mr. Percy."

Mr. Percy lifted his hat, and bowed gravely, saying, in a low voice, to Miss Dunton that he was sorry she was depressed in spirits. He would see her again.

Then he stood and watched the two ladies as they walked away.

Iona, tall, stately, and independent in every movement; Miss Dunton, small, graceful, and rather timid for one who spoke in public, he thought. How was he to know that she was playing a desperate game, and his hand and home her stake?

"Strange, I never noticed what a prepossessing girl Iona Ross was before," he thought. "She would certainly grace any man's home. But she wouldn't be fool enough to fall in love with me; and, if she did, she wouldn't gratify my self-love enough to let me know it. However, I begin to like the girl."

A few evenings later, our friends again met at Aunt Mary's. Again Iona was importuned to sing and play, this time Edward Percy's rich bass joining in with her clear, sweet soprano.

After the music ceased, he seemed so absorbed in Iona's carelessly independent sayings, that Miss Dunton begged leave to read. She read her selections well indeed; but she had practiced for hours for this very occasion. Then she entered into a discussion of their merits with Mr. Percy.

In a lull of the conversation, and when the interest had somewhat flagged, Aunt Mary said—

"That reminds me of some poetry I would like you to hear. I will find the pieces."

She returned at last with them, Miss Dunton inwardly expecting that she would be the one to read them. But Aunt Mary handed them to Iona, saying—

"Here, Iona, give me your opinion on these."

Iona commenced to read at once in a voice that faltered a little, but gradually grew strong, firm, and full, completely throwing Miss Dunton and her accomplishment in the shade; and yet Mr. Percy knew that Miss Ross was not a public reader. She laid the paper down, trembling visibly. She had won Miss Dunton's laurels, and she knew it.

That lady and Mrs. Bridgewater soon after departed, but Mr. Percy still remained. Aunt Mary went out and left the two alone. Iona was still trembling, for in trying to win Mr. Percy's heart, she had lost her own for ever, as she realized now, bitterly enough. Of course he would never care for her, and she should go back without doing what she came here to do.

He arose, and went over to her side saying—

"Miss Iona, would you gratify my self-love enough to tell me that you cared for me if you did?"

"No."

"But I care for you, my dear, so much that I can't have you go back to your home until you promise not to hate me."

"I don't hate you."

"But do you love me? That is what I want to know."

"And that you have no right to ask, sir."

"I have only the right of a man who loves you, and would try to make you happy if you would come and be my wife. Will you, Iona?"

Then Iona Ross broke down and cried, like any woman.

As soon as she could, she said, "You will hate me when I tell you what I am going to. That I—I—I meant to make you fall in love with me from the first, but I didn't think I should lose my own heart."

"Have you?" gravely.

"Yes, I have. Do you hate me now?"

"No, I do not. I love you, and I want you. On the whole, I am rather glad you picked me out for your husband."

"But I'm not sure that I shall have you," Iona returned, starting away from his encircling arms. "I have only been trying to keep you from Miss Dunton."

"But, my dear, I am sure you will have me. As for Miss Dunton, I was in no danger from her. I knew she was an adventuress from the first."

And Iona steered clear of that awful fate—an old maid.

THERE is a fashion in dogs even, and just now the "collie" is in high favor.

Scientific and Useful.

WOOD PULP.—Wood pulp is now used to make furniture. If it can succeed here, of course wood inkstands, desks, and lots of stationers' sundries, will come in for patronage. By adding clays, steatite, asbestos, plumbago, and mica, substances of every possible color and compactness would be possible of production.

EAR TRUMPETS.—A young Cincinnati electrician, has invented an electric ear-trumpet, which is nothing more than a large tin horn with a crooked mouthpiece. With it persons several miles apart can hold a conversation. The worst of it is every one in the vicinity can hear the conversation. A train running, its whistles and stoppages, have also been heard at a distance of twenty-six miles.

THE HEAT OF LAMPS.—The heat from an arc lamp of 800-candle power is from 57 to 158 heat units, that of the incandescent lamp of equal brilliancy, from 290 to 536. The Argand gas burner is the next best light in point of coolness, but this produces 4,930 heat units; a colza-oil lamp, 6,800; a flat-wick petroleum lamp, 7,200; a paraffine candle 9,200, and a tallow candle 9,700. Light for light, therefore, the heat of an electric arc lamp, under the most favorable circumstances, is to the heat of tallow candles as 1 to 170.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.—Five years ago there was not an electric railway in practical operation in the country, while to-day there are more than a dozen, with every prospect that there will be a hundred within the next two years. Experts do not hesitate to predict the speedy displacement of the horse as a motor for cars in cities, and one authority believes that the change to electricity will soon go on as fast as the electric plants can be manufactured. Step by step the dynamo has been so improved that the work which it costs $10 to do with horses can be done for $6 with electricity.

FIRE-DAMP.—All kinds of ingenious contrivances have been brought forward at different times for the detection of fire-damp in mines, but most of them have been of a very complicated nature. The last of the series, however, is so simple that it seems astonishing no one thought of it before. A child's India-rubber ball with a hole in it is squeezed flat in the hand and held in the place suspected of fire-damp while released, and allowed to suck in a sample of the air. The ball is now directed toward a safety lamp, and again squeezed, when the tell-tale blue flame will show if it contains any inflammable vapor.

Farm and Garden.

AS SCAVENGERS.—The more important point to making pigs profitable is to make them useful. To a limited extent this is done by making the pig a scavenger for the removal of refuse that would otherwise become even more offensive than when it passes through the pig.

STORING VEGETABLES.—Store carrots, beets, parsnips, and turnips in bins in the cellar, and pack them in dry sand or earth, and they will keep well for winter use. This method will enable the farmer to use them at any time, which will not be the case if they be stored in mounds in the open air.

RIPE OR GREEN.—Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish between a ripe and a green watermelon. The ripe melon has a rougher appearance, cracks when pressed, and gives off a dull, heavy sound when tapped, while some contend that the drying up of the "curl" at the connecting end is also a sign of ripeness. The green melon is smooth and bright and gives off a loud, clear sound when tapped with the fingers.

TOOLS.—The expensive tools necessary to successful farming soon wear out unless well taken care of. A little thoughtful care in housing tools when not in use will result in many dollars saved. During the season of use, whenever housing is hardly practicable, whenever work ceases for a day, a canvas cover to throw over a self-binder or thrashing machine will pay for its cost many times over.

GREASE AND VERMIN.—Grease of any kind will destroy lice on cattle, but the use to a great extent will injure the cattle. If a single animal be infested with lice all the others will soon be in the same condition. A pound of carbolate of lime mixed with a bushel of fine, dry dirt freely scattered on the backs of the animals is a harmless remedy, and will prove a success if used daily.

WHEAT FOOD.—Wheat fed whole to laying fowls, and wheat screenings or cracked wheat fed to young chicks, have always produced the most desirable results, but it must be remembered that they must not be fed in the same quantities as corn, or preparations of corn. The tendency of wheat is to produce a healthy growth, feed the muscular tissues and aid materially in causing the hens to lay often and rich eggs.

A GENTLEMAN said to a beggar who had solicited alms of him: "You ask me for a small gift, and do not even take off your hat from your head. Is that the way to act?" The beggar replied: "Excuse me, most honorable sir. I dare not uncover, for yonder stands a policeman. If he saw me take my hat off, it would occur to him at once that I was a beggar, and he would arrest me. At present, as we are now, he merely supposes that we are two old acquaintances having a friendly chat."

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The Examination of Self.

Without self-examination a man can never tell how it is with him, whether he has grace or no, worldly or spiritual; and this must needs be very uncomfortable. He knows not, if he should die presently, what will become of him, or to what coast he shall sail, whether to hell or heaven. As Socrates said, "I am about to die, and the gods know whether I shall be happy or miserable." How needful, therefore, is self-examination, that a man by search may come to know the true state of his soul, and may guess how it will go with him to eternity.

Examine in that as to which you are naturally the least inclined to examine yourselves; that respecting which you are the most afraid to examine; that which you find self-love constantly endeavoring to draw a veil over; that which, whenever you do turn the inspection that way, begins to throw reproach and humiliation; that which you most feel you need to know when you approach the throne of God; that, any uncertainty about which awakens the most solicitude and apprehension whenever you think of death; that which forces itself on your attention when you think what the inhabitants of heaven must be.

Beethoven was in the habit of playing his symphonies on an old harpsichord as a test. They would thus be made to stand out in their true character, with nothing to hide their faults or exaggerate their beauties. If, then, they commended themselves to his ear, they were good, and might be sent forth to the world. Thus wisely may we test our character, endeavoring to ascertain how it manifests itself—not on great and rare occasions, or before the public eye, where there is a chance for display and applause, but in private, in the little, homely, everyday duties, which attract no particular attention, and reward us with no praise. If, in the retired nook of your own breast, in the regulation of your thoughts and feelings; if, in the bosom of your family, in the monotonous round of home life each day, you preserve a sweet, serene temper, and go forward cheerfully, taking a real pleasure in duty as duty, and in all little matters honestly strive to serve and please the heavenly Master; if, in a word, your piety sounds well on such an unpretending harp, and there it is good, genuine, tested, it will one day win acclamation from a vaster and nobler throng than ever was thrilled by the genius of Beethoven.

In these self-examinations we are bound to have certain opinions. These may have a good, but also may have a wrong effect—in two ways. First, suppose they are partial and favorable, to a highly flattering degree; and what then? The testimonies of partiality and approbation—the praise, the flattery, perhaps the admiration—will not the man be mightily inclined to take all this for just, even to the utmost point? Will his self-love sound a less musical strain in his ear? If even he had doubted before, to assume so much in his own favor, will he not confidently assume it now? His faults will shrivel, his excellences will expand to the dimensions of so flattering an estimate. He will willingly forget to consider how much of circumstance or fancy there may be in this partiality, and how much there is in him that the partial judges cannot know.

But, secondly, suppose the contrary case—unfavorable opinion, suspicion, censure, depreciation; what then? Then an excitement of all the defensive feelings! Then all these censures are from ignorance, perverseness, or perhaps even from jealousy and envy! He cherishes the more his beloved self, thus suffering injustice, with an extenuation of what cannot be altogether denied, and a forced magnifying of supposed worthier characteristics.

There is, therefore, a necessity for cool, deliberate independence of judgment. And this will be promoted by a solemn sense of standing before the judgment of God, the grand requisite in all self-examination. What does that all-searching, infallible Intelligence see and detect? In that presence repute, pretensions, semblances, presumptions, excuses, clear away.

Once a year the business man must know how things stand. He reviews the books, writes them up, and draws out on a fair balance-sheet all his worldly circumstances; so many goods, so many liabilities; so much capital that is comparatively worthless, so much that can be easily turned into cash; so many debts; so many bills out that are perfectly good, so many that are doubtful. In other words, he looks over all the affairs of the year, and knows just what position he occupies. Ought we not to be just as scrutinizing in the matters of the soul?

Give no quarter unto those vices which are of thine inward family, and having a root in thy temper, plead a right and propriety in thee. Examine well thy complexional inclinations. Raise early batteries against those strongholds, built upon the rock of nature, and make this a great part of the militia of thy life. The politic nature of vice must be opposed by policy, and therefore wiser honesties project and plot against sin; wherein, notwithstanding we are not to rest in generals, or the trifle stratagems of art. That may succeed with one temper which may prove successless with another. There is no community or commonwealth of virtue, every man must study his own economy, and erect these rules unto the figure of himself.

If we are content to do or to avoid certain things merely because we are compelled; if we secretly wish that the constraint were removed, so that we could bound back in opposite courses; if our hearts refuse their allegiance to what our hands seemed forced to do, then we may be sure we are not preparing for the law of liberty which always awaits all who are able to value it. Good laws and intelligent obedience are the porch and entrance through which we must pass to dwell in the larger and freer courts of liberty, where a beautiful, loving loyalty will hold us closer to the right and the good than all penalties, or terrors, or restraints.

Round about what is lies a whole mysterious world of what might be,—a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good, or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word "Providence."

The path of truth is as straight as an arrow. It never swerves to right or left, and will no sooner bend to the mightiest than to the meanest of mortals. The moment truth tries to accommodate itself to circumstances it ceases to be truth.

They who in a crazy vessel navigate a sea wherein are shoals and currents innumerable, if they would keep their course, or reach their port in safety, must carefully repair the smallest injuries, and often throw out their line and take their observations. In the voyage of life, also, the Christian who would not make shipwreck of his faith, while he is habitually watchful and provident, must make it his express business to look into his state and ascertain his progress.

Some one in casting up his accounts put down a very large sum per annum for his idleness. But there is another account more awful than that of our expenses, in which many will find that their idleness has mainly contributed to the balance against them. From its very inaction, idleness ultimately becomes the most active cause of evil, as a palsy is more to be dreaded than a fever. The Turks have a proverb which says that the Devil tempts all other men, but the idle men tempt the Devil.

To help men and women effectually, we must lift them up to a higher plane in everything—discipline their thoughts, increase their knowledge, purify their designs, refine their feelings, cultivate their self-respect, awaken their aspirations, develop their energies, and open up to them every good and possible opportunity for self-improvement. There is nothing so potent to accomplish these things as the spirit of friendship, and the determination to make the best of everything.

God bless the cheerful person—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun, is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in their silent mission, brightening up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces.

"Sailing from Cuba," remarked a sailor, "we thought we had gained sixty miles one day in our course; but at the next observation we found we had lost more than thirty. It was an undercurrent. The ship had been going forward by the wind, but backward by the current." So a man's course may often seem to be right, but the stream beneath is driving him the contrary way.

If it is true that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," then it is also true that every effort to purify and sweeten the heart, to strengthen and invigorate the mind, and to put fidelity and energy into the life, will also exalt and dignify the speech and make its influence a blessing to all who hear it.

Duty of every kind has in it the elements of pleasure, and, if we do not discover and appropriate them, it is our own fault. If we study the principles of our life-work, dwell upon its details, and strive to perfect it as much as possible, we shall insensibly learn to love it, and to feel no sacrifice for it a burden.

Thinking that one is thinking is not thinking. To think is to hold a thought till it is measured, weighed, and put in proper relation to the subject under consideration. Many a man has spent a whole morning under the delusion that he was thinking, when he was nearly asleep.

Our business is not to sail as near the wind of what is popular as we can, but in a brave, manly way to keep our vessel's head toward the port of everlasting truth, though the world should think us sailing to destruction.

Perpetual aiming at wit is a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character. It generally fails. It is a sort of insult on the company, and a restraint upon the speaker.

Every single action of our life carries in its train either a reward or a punishment, however little disposed we are to admit that such is the case.

Smooth your way to the head through the heart. The way of reason is a good one; but it is commonly something longer, and perhaps not so sure.

Who has most heart knows most sorrow.

The World's Happenings.

Rogers City, Mich., boasts of an egg with a tail.

An Ohio tame crow has lived to pass his 82d birthday.

Hillsboro, Mo., boasts of a chicken that has four legs.

One person is drowned for every 329 killed on land.

Buttermilk bread is something new, of which they speak highly.

Kingston, N. Y., with a population of 25,000, has no police force.

Some New York mothers ride in the cars half the day to give their babies air.

A Dakota judge ordered three men out of the court-room because they were rootless.

A butcher at Jersey City took his bed into an ice house on a recent hot night and two days later was dead.

A Cincinnati aeronaut dropped 2,500 feet from a balloon to the ground in safety by means of a parachute.

There are 108 cotton mills in the South. Georgia heads the list with 36, Tennessee comes next with 27, and Alabama has 20.

Commodore Nutt, who rivaled Tom Thumb as a dwarf some years ago, is selling tickets for a dime museum in Boston.

The oldest law suit in Illinois has been on the docket for 82 years. It began about a $3 hog and has cost the principals about $7,000.

The convicts in the prison at Stillwater, Minn., are making arrangements for the issuance of a weekly newspaper to be called "The Prison Mirror."

The twin question is settled. An inscription on a tombstone in Winsted, Conn., has this deeply cut inscription in the marble: "A Infant Twins."

The following advertisement appeared recently in a Liverpool daily paper: "A lady who loves Christ wishes to meet a gentleman who loves Him too."

A Chicago lad a few days ago found a package containing $2,800. The boy returned it to the owner, who rewarded the honest little fellow by giving him 10 cents.

A modest little tin sign in black and white, in a New York doorway, attracts much attention. It reads: "Noose repaired, relaced, enlarged and painted."

The toboggan slide has been introduced at a bathing resort in Bridgeport, Conn. It carries bathers out a long distance into the water without exertion on their part.

A rooster at Salem, Ill., is so fond of music that he will fly in at the window of his master's house and run to and fro on the keys of the piano, delighted with the sounds he evokes.

Smoking at the seashore has its drawbacks. The salt air has a very depressing effect upon cigars and cigarettes. They get soft and do their utmost to prevent being kept alight. Once lighted, if neglected for a moment they go out.

To get out of a thunderstorm, J. H. Doolittle rode his horse into an old schoolhouse near Fokerty, Ind. In doing so he disturbed a hornet's nest, and they attacked the horse so savagely that he died within an hour from the effect of the stings.

A colored man of Hopkinsville, Ky., thought to scare a deaf mute of the place by suddenly rushing out on him as he passed. He was successful, for the mute was so alarmed that he drew a revolver and shot five balls into the practical joker, killing him.

"When she returned she found the money gone," is a sentence which is stirring up all the good and bad grammar in Chicago. "If it was gone how did she find it?" is the query asked by one side; and, "If she hadn't found it gone, why wasn't it there?" inquires the other.

A postmaster in a Florida town, it has just come to light, has hung on to his office nearly three years longer than it was intended he should, by withholding from the man who was appointed to succeed him the commission, letters of inquiry, etc., that were forwarded from Washington through his hands.

New government envelopes, it is said, are to be issued about September 10th. The 1-cent envelopes will be blue in color, the 2-cent green, the 4-cent carmine, the 5-cent Milori blue, the 10-cent chocolate, the 30-cent Bismarck brown, and the 90-cent purple. The 10, 30 and 90-cent stamps will not be changed.

A strange duel is said to have been recently fought in Tampico, Mexico, by a coffee merchant who has arrived in Toledo from that place. According to his account the participants locked themselves in a dark room in which 100 tarantulas had been liberated. Both men were found lifeless when the door was opened, having been stung to death by the poisonous spiders.

Here is an item found in the Washington correspondence of a Baltimore paper: "George Washington sent Martha Washington to Jeuneman's brewery for a pail of beer last night. When she reached Fourth street, near K, she met Abraham Lincoln, and in a quarrel between them Lincoln fractured her skull with a brick and fled. The police carried Mrs. Washington to the hospital."

Last week a negro named Jake Gibson was sitting in the forks of an oak tree near Centreville, Fla., eating a watermelon, when lightning struck the tree and shivered it into splinters. Jake's body was picked up and carried into the house, where strenuous efforts were made to resuscitate him. A few minutes after all hope had been abandoned Jake rose up and asked: "Where's my watermel?"

The Ameer of Afghanistan is not a desirable patient, if a story in an Indian journal may be trusted. Lately he was very ill with a boil on the back of his neck, and his doctor prescribed some lotion to bring the boil to a head. Naturally the pain was temporarily increased, and Abderrahman was so enraged with his doctor that he sent for him the first thing in the morning and had him beheaded on the spot.

BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.

BY C. J.

The lark said, "Lo the winter has gone by;
Buds will be bursting: I shall greet the spring:
The snow has vanished, and bright days are nigh:
I soar into the blue my song to sing."
But ere he plumed his wings for happy flight,
Deep snow came down and veiled the fields in white.

The floweret said: "In this warm, sheltered nook,
My blossom I will spread before the sun,
And he will smile on me with gladsome look."
But the dear floweret, ere the day was done,
Shrivelled before the north wind's frosty breath,
Trembled and closed her bright-blue eyes in death.

The maiden said, "My true love is away:
But soon his ship will come across the foam,
And life will then be lovely, bright and gay,
And blessed days will gladden our fair home."
But as she dreamt her happy dreams and smiled,
His barque went down at midnight dark and wild.

A Commonplace Marriage.

BY A. S.

A GREAT gray house in a gloomy square—a house that bears the stamp of respectability and solidity, a house that is like all its fellows in the square, with the same solemn aspect, large and towering, with a short, straight garden at the back and the eyes of all the other houses looking into it; and in this goodly springtime a pink thorn-tree has burst into rosy blossom right in the heart of it. Somehow the thorn-tree looks out of place amidst the walled-in gardens and chimney-stacks, and the busy impudent little brown sparrows chatter amongst its branches and hold a parliament amidst its crimson buds.

Inside the house a highly respectable solemnity reigns: the furniture is heavy, and no flowers or modern draperies adorn the heavy massive staircase. In the dining-room the same air of intense dulness prevails; the time is the early hour of half-past eight A. M., and breakfast is proceeding—if one may say "proceeding" where one person is reading a newspaper and the other gazing listlessly out at the window.

"Another cup of coffee, please, Kate;" and Mrs. Freer comes back from her dreamy contemplation of the houses opposite and holds out her hand for her husband's cup.

They have just returned from their honeymoon, and are beginning life together at their own home—beginning it as they mean to go on, and will go on as long as their life lasts.

Mr. Freer smiles at his wife as she hands him back his coffee, and then resumes his double occupation of proceeding with his breakfast and reading the newspaper which is tilted up opposite to him. It is pleasant to him to know that she is there, waiting to pour out his coffee, or speak to him if he feels so inclined; and yet he has a preoccupied look, as if life were too important or business matters were too hurried for him to spare time for the nameless, numberless little attentions that keep love warm in the female heart.

Mrs. Freer looks at her husband thoughtfully, with no resentment on her fair, smooth face; but there is a little pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth, a wistful expression in her brown eyes that may be natural to her or may not. And he never notices her—never sees that at last the under lip quivers a little; he just goes on steadily with his breakfast and the perusal of his newspaper, glancing at the clock now and then as if fearing to overstay his time. They have been at home for a week, and this day is like every other day.

Mr. Freer gets up at last.

"Well, I must be off. Good-bye, Kate. What will you do all day?" He is a bridegroom yet, and a little tenderness comes into his grave face as he kisses his wife. "Will you drive into town for me at five, dear?"

"Yes, Jarvis," Kate answers dutifully, and so goes with him to the hall door, watches him run down the steps, and notices with a little pang that he has forgotten to look back at her; and then she returns to the dining-room and wonders what she shall do all the long day.

She stands in the window and looks over the blind at the garden in the square, surrounded by iron railings that enclose dusty bushes. It is too early for any one to be out yet except business-men and doctors.

How blue the sky is—how intensely, beautifully blue! A laburnum-tree in the square looks golden in the morning light. Kate looks at it much as a wild bird might regard the blue sky from the bars of a cage. Nine strokes come slowly from the clock on the mantelpiece. Eight hours must elapse before her husband returns; and what is she to do all day?

She stays looking out, but her eyes no longer see the dusty railings, the thirsty shrubs. She is back again on a wave-swept coast, where keen strong breezes come in from over the sea. She is watching the leaping waves, feels the salt spray on her face, and sees herself, wild and free, sitting in the stern of a small sailing-boat that, well heeled over, is flying before the breeze.

The cheery boyish voices of her brothers break upon her ears, the white sea-gulls skim past over the waves, and her own laugh rings out amidst the rush of the wind, as the little boat speeds over the waters. Presently she is on her pony's back, taking a long free gallop in the early morning air, noting every sight and sound of the sweet country life which seems so far away now.

With a long breath that is almost a sob Kate comes back to reality again. Slowly she goes downstairs and orders dinner, which arduous task occupies about a quarter of an hour, and then makes her way to the drawing-room, which is still and quiet in the June sunshine. She tries a few songs, plays for an hour in an aimless desultory way, and then goes downstairs again and out into the garden.

"Walls, walls, walls!" sighs Kate, and looks sadly at the pink thorn, presses a spray of it lovingly to her lips, and wonders once more what she shall do all day.

The time drags on till luncheon. The square is a little more lively by now; various perambulators creep up and down, and children walk demurely beside their nurses.

"Poor little things," thinks Kate—"now I should like to turn them out into a beautiful field full of cowslips!" And presently she goes out and sits in the square garden, which feels like a prison, and very soon she has gathered half a dozen of the little ones around her, and they are listening breathlessly to her stories of the country, of the birds and the flowers, and the great waves tumbling in.

The children amuse her for an hour, and then she goes in again. She has no visitors yet, and she does not want any. She can see ladies in smart bonnets paying afternoon calls. Broughams and victorias stop here and there, and their occupants enter various neighboring houses.

"How awful!" sighs Kate. "How I shall hate that sort of work! Oh, dear, what a long, long day!" Then she adds bravely to herself, "Perhaps it won't be so bad when I am used to it."

It is an absolute relief when it is time to go and dress in order to drive into town to meet her husband. She flies down the steps like a schoolgirl, and with a little vexed smile gets into the brougham.

"How I wish Jarvis had got me something I might have driven myself!" she thinks. "It is dreadful, being driven about as if I was an invalid or an old woman!"

* * * * * *

It is evening; they have dined, and Kate is anxious to talk. She has been silent all day, and the sound of her own voice is quite pleasant to her ears. She has almost forgotten the long dull day, and all through dinner has laughed and talked gayly. But now the servants have left the room, and a silence has fallen.

Outside the western sun is reddening the windows and chimney-tops. Kate would like to go out; she feels cooped up, and longs for air and exercise. She glances dubiously at her husband; he is leaning back in his chair with the air of a man who has dined comfortably. He does not seem inclined to move; his eyes have the tired look of a man who lives by his brains rather than his hands; and even now his expression is one of puzzled thought.

"How I wish Jarvis hadn't been a lawyer!" thinks Mrs. Freer ruefully. "He is always puzzling out tiresome cases, I am sure. How much nicer it would have been if he had been anything else—a soldier, for instance—because then there would have been continual moving about and excitement; or a sailor, though in that case I suppose he would have been at sea and I on shore—which, if people didn't care for one another, would be an admirable arrangement! Or I might have married a country gentleman, and given myself up to hunting and agriculture, with a dash of politics. If Jarvis had only been something else, or I had married some one else!"

But, when her thoughts reach this stage, the warm color floods her face. Even Mr. Freer notices it, but attributes the sudden flush to the weather.

"You look warm, Kate," he says quite pleasantly. "I dare say you do find the town very stuffy, dear, after your country life. We must get away somewhere in August. Wouldn't you like to go up to the drawing-room? It is cooler there than here."

Kate stands up, looking tall, straight, and bewitching in her white gown, with the blush still on her cheeks and her brown eyes wistful.

"I thought we might go out for a walk," she suggests a little timidly. "It is such a lovely evening, Jarvis; and you must have been indoors too all day," she adds, with sudden keen compunction for her thoughts of a moment ago.

But Mr. Freer cannot go out; he has an hour's work yet to get through, he says: and so, promising to come up to tea by-and-by, he opens the door for his wife to pass out, giving her a friendly little caress as she goes, but never noticing that her eyes are bright with unshed tears.

"You can amuse yourself at the piano, Kate, and I shall like to hear your voice when I am at work," he says, as she walks past him and disappears up the staircase.

But he does not hear her voice to-night; and when—not one, but two hours afterwards—he comes upstairs and finds his wife, if a little more silent than usual, yet pleasant and sympathetic, he never knows that she has wept her heart out in a passion of loneliness.

He can no more understand her need of sweet companionship than she can comprehend the musty law-suits and intricate cases that fill his brain and mind; and so now, when he says cheerily, "Now, wife, a song!" she complies; and to all outward appearance they are spending as happy an evening together as possible.

Presently Kate, looking up during the song he has asked for, sees her husband fast asleep in his chair. A little hardness seems to come into her eyes, the white lace at her bosom rises and falls, there is a suppressed sob, and the song ceases abruptly. She has never loved him—never will love him—and yet it pains her to think that he should have fallen asleep while she was singing.

* * * * * *

A year has passed. It is springtime again, and the pink thorn in the dusty garden is radiant in rosy beauty once more. Dublin is looking its best in the sweet springtime.

Mrs. Freer is only a year older, and yet more than a year of wisdom and sadness seems to have been added to her. Has she got used to her life? Is she contented?

Used, perhaps—contented, no. She and her husband have drifted apart; yet Jarvis Freer never notices it. To him she is always the same—sweet and pleasant when he comes home in the evening, well dressed, and fair to look upon—and he is very fond of her.

But she is only a part of his life—his home life—all the rest of his thoughts and energies are given to his work, and that his wife should require anything beyond plenty of money and a good house never enters into his imagination; that she may be starving for want of companionship he never dreams. How she occupies her days he never asks, and yet he loves her, and thinks of her often, as of something pleasant to greet him on his return home. Many women would be quite satisfied, and want nothing more. Not so Kate Freer; her whole soul hungers and cries out.

"If he was only poor," she thinks passionately, "I could make his shirts and cook his dinner; but I have nothing to do—nothing to do."

Friends she has none, visitors plenty: and her life is void of occupation or interest, one day being exactly the same as another. She hardly notices the seasons as they pass by—all are the same to her; and yet people say, "What a nice woman Mrs. Freer is, so pleasant and so good-looking!"

To-day they sit at breakfast together as they did on that other day a year ago, as they have done three hundred and sixty-five times since they were married.

Mr. Freer reads his paper all through his breakfast, and Mrs. Freer looks out from time to time at the house opposite just as she did a year ago; somehow to-day she feels a great longing for the wild freedom and freshness of long ago, for one glimpse of the wild white waves, just one whiff of the strong salt breeze, for one moment of her light-hearted girlhood.

"Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas, like our youth, too soon!"

thinks Kate passionately, wishing with all her heart for some variation in her humdrum existence.

Mr. Freer's voice breaks in upon her thoughts.

"I forgot to tell you, Kate, that I met an old friend of mine yesterday, George Drummond; and he is coming to dine with us to-night. He has a yacht down at Kingstown, and lives on board, I believe. We were at college together, he and I."

"Very well, Jarvis," Kate answers quietly, looking cool and sweet in her morning gown, and her soft brown eyes regarding her husband kindly—an ideal wife; and yet, when Mr. Freer has left the house, there is no eagerness to begin the day's duties in Mrs. Freer's face—only a tired weary look, as if life were hardly worth living.

* * * * * *

Mr. Drummond had not given a thought to Jarvis Freer's wife when he had accepted the invitation to dinner. Mr. Freer had said—

"I suppose you know I am married? But my wife will be very glad to see you."

So now, after he is shown upstairs into the drawing-room, he experiences a sensation of surprise when Mrs. Freer rises to receive him, and he sees before him a tall, straight, most graceful figure, clad in pure white, with round bare arms, and a string of pearls clasped about a most stately white throat. He looks at her face, with its wistful beauty, and Mr. Drummond wonders to himself how this lovely woman came to be Freer's wife.

"My husband will be down directly," she says, with a faint smile of greeting. "He was a little later than usual this evening. Will you not sit down, Mr. Drummond?"

And they sit down, and enter into the usual conversation that distinguishes a first acquaintanceship. Mrs. Freer responds to his remarks about the heat of the weather and his old friendship with her husband, and regards him with calm indifference. He is a tall angular-looking man, very sunburnt, with a short black beard and keen bright eyes.

"You have a yacht?" Mrs. Freer asks, as she notices his tanned face and hands.

"Yes, not a very large one, though. We have been cruising about, and are at Kingstown now; I am thinking of going to the Clyde later on. Are you fond of yachting, Mrs. Freer?"

"Yes," answers Kate quietly, "I am very fond of it;" and her thoughts fly to swirling waves leaping past a yacht's bows, to drifting masses of white mist rolling down mountain-sides, to calm sullen seas where the green depths are clear and still.

She sighs a long sigh, and Mr. Drummond nurses one knee and looks at her.

"You must come and have a sail in the *Daphne* some day," he says presently—"you and Jarvis."

"I should like it very much," Mrs. Freer answers. "But I do not think Jarvis would go; he never goes anywhere;" and then her cheeks suddenly grow hot. "I mean," she says hastily, "he has so little time; he is always so busy."

"I know," replies Mr. Drummond; but Mrs. Freer's sudden confusion has been a revelation.

And then Mr. Freer himself comes in with an apology for being late, and the two friends talk a little of old times, and Kate is silent. Presently the gong sounds, and Mr. Drummond gives his arm to his friend's wife, and they go down to dinner together.

It is a good dinner, the table is pretty, and the hostess so different from what, if he had thought at all, he would have imagined Freer's wife to be that Mr. Drummond feels most pleasurably surprised. He had considered it rather a bore to have to dine with Jarvis Freer and talk to a humdrum wife—had more than once thought of sending him an excuse. And now behold a pleasant house and a charming woman, with a half-dissatisfied melancholy to make her beauty perfect! Mr. Drummond comes to the conclusion that his lines have fallen in very pleasant places indeed.

And Mrs. Freer is pleased too. He is so different from the rest of her husband's friends! He can talk pleasantly and well, and talk of things too that interest her. And when by-and-by she leaves them, and goes upstairs, he follows very soon, with the remark—

"Freer has some letters to write; he will be up, he says, directly."

Presently, noticing the open piano, he asks her if she sings; and, lo, his favorite songs are hers too, and he listens and appreciates!

And then she finds out that he also sings, and their voices harmonize; and when, two hours later, Jarvis Freer comes wearily upstairs, hoping a little that Drummond will go soon, that he may go to bed, he finds his wife with shining eyes and a bright animated face.

"How soon you have got through your letters, Jarvis!" she says, opening out a fresh song as she speaks.

He looks surprised.

"Soon, dear! I have been at work for the last two hours."

"I have been singing," Kate says a little confusedly, "and did not notice the time"—glancing at a little Dresden-china clock on a bracket.

After a while Mr. Drummond takes his departure, saying as he goes—

"We must arrange a day for the yachting expedition."

Freer accompanies him downstairs, and when he comes up again he finds his wife leaning back in a chair, her hands clasped negligently above her head, her eyes dark and dreamy.

"I like your friend very much, Jarvis," she says gaily. "He is the nicest man I have met."

"Drummond? Oh yes, he is a good fellow enough! It is very late, Kate; are you not going to bed, dear?"

And without another word Kate leaves the room.

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It happens as Mrs. Freer predicts; her husband cannot spare a day for the yachting expedition. Mr. Drummond has called two or three times to arrange about it, but in vain. Jarvis gave a sort of half-promise, and now this is the day, and he says he cannot go.

"Perhaps another time," he says carelessly, with not the most remote idea that his wife is disappointed.

Disappointed she certainly is—childishly, unreasonably so—and her throat swells and her eyes actually fill with tears as her husband leaves the house as usual, without further remark on the subject.

"He never cares whether I am happy or not," she thinks passionately. "It is all the same to him; he works, eats and sleeps, that is all he cares for."

Kate is hardly fair or just in her judgment on her husband. She does not quite realize that his many hours of weary work are in a measure for her, though in all probability he would have worked just as hard if he had never married at all.

She sits in the drawing-room and sulks. Most undignified is such a proceeding; but she takes a childish pleasure in making herself as miserable as possible, and with hard eyes sits gazing down at the strip of burnt-up garden, while thinking of the glitter and sparkle of the sea.

Mr. Drummond will be disappointed too; they had nearly promised to go, and Jarvis never even telegraphed to say that they could not manage it.

"He will be waiting all day," thinks Mrs. Freer discontentedly. "Oh dear, if I could only be happy like other married women—managing the servants and paying visits and shopping; but I can't, I can't!"

A step upon the stairs, the door is opened and Mr. Drummond enters, to see Mrs. Freer sitting with her chin on her hand and her eyes looking out sullenly over the distant vista of chimney-tops. She jumps up with a blush of sudden surprise.

"We couldn't come," she says hastily; "Jarvis was busy. I hope you have not come all the way on purpose to find out why we didn't turn up."

Her face has brightened all over, unconsciously to herself. Mr. Drummond, dropping her cool white hand reluctantly, says—

"I guessed Jarvis couldn't get away, so, as the breeze is exactly what it ought to be, I ran up to carry you off for a sail, if you will trust yourself to me."

"Thank you; that was very kind," Kate answers a little vaguely, and then colors charmingly. "But I think I had better not go—you see, Jarvis cannot come."

"Oh, you can send him a message; and I promise to bring you back quite safely. Do come, Mrs. Freer!"

"I am afraid I can't," Kate says, wavering. She is longing to go; and yet, would it be right? "I wish I could," she says, raising her disappointed eyes to his. "It must be a lovely day on the water."

"You must come," Mr. Drummond says, with determination. "When I have come up on purpose to fetch you, you can never be so unkind as to send me away again; and my sisters are preparing lunch and everything."

"Your sisters?" Kate questions in surprise. "Are they on board?"

"Yes; I thought I told you long ago. Now you will not be afraid to come?"—with a sudden searching look into her face, which has turned crimson to the roots of her hair.

She thought that he meant her to go alone with him in the yacht; and now the very idea of his knowing that she had such a thought fills her with a shamed confusion.

"He must have a poor opinion of me if he thinks I could have thought of such a thing."

Her cheeks grow hotter and hotter, and she is furious with herself because of it.

"I don't think I can come," she says confusedly. "I will go some day that Jarvis can come, if you will have us."

"Go and put on your hat," is the laughing rejoinder. "I will answer to Jarvis for your safety, Mrs. Freer."

And Kate goes, first writing a little note to her husband—

"DEAR JARVIS:—Mr. Drummond has come up from Kingstown to ask me to go out sailing in his yacht with his sisters; and he is sorry that you can't come too. I shall be back in time for dinner.

"Your affectionate wife, "KATE."

"There!" she says triumphantly. "Now that is all right; and I will put the note here, so that Jarvis will see it the moment he comes in."

"What a good wife you are!" Mr. Drummond says, a little absently.

"Am I? Oh, I don't know! Most wives, you know, are a kind of upper housekeeper—a sort of person to keep everything straight, and be answerable for the servants and that sort of thing; and the ideal wife perpetually sews buttons on her husband's shirts, and is always in a good humor when he comes home. Don't you think it is very absurd? But wives are always advised in books to treat their husbands as if they were a sort of bear to be propitiated."

"Do you find Jarvis like that?" Mr. Drummond asks, laughing.

"Jarvis? Oh dear, no! And yet I never sew on buttons, or warm his slippers, or do anything of that sort; I don't think he would notice much whether I did or not"—a little pathos creeping into her laughing tones. It is an unwise speech, and Kate sees it herself almost directly. "You see," she explains, "he does not notice things much; he is a little absent-minded. You ought to know him as well as I do, because you were such friends."

"Absent-minded with a vengeance," thinks Mr. Drummond, "when he can leave his young wife alone so much, and see no possibility of some one else occupying her time and mind."

Kate is in wild spirits to-day. When she gets on board the yacht, it is to find that Mr. Drummond's sisters are two gawky girls of twelve and thirteen, who are too shy to speak, and keep away by themselves and do not come near Mrs. Freer or their brother. And the *Dapkne* bends to the breeze and goes curtseying and plunging over the waves, and the freshness and freedom fill Kate's heart with delight.

"What a pity Jarvis didn't come!" she cries gaily.

But Mr. Drummond does not answer.

* * * * * *

They have had a delightful day, and now, in the golden glory of the evening light, are slowly gliding back to the harbor. The breeze is dying away, and comes only in little fitful puffs.

With soft pensive eyes Mrs. Freer looks away dreamily to the far distance. Mr. Drummond wonders what her thoughts are, and she, feeling that he is watching her, turns with a smile.

"I have had such a happy day," she says gently; and he answers back that he is glad to have given her pleasure.

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Mr. Freer, coming back in the evening, finds no wife to welcome him—only Kate's little note to tell where she has gone; and dinner has to be kept waiting. It is late when Kate's blithe voice is heard in the hall; and George Drummond is with her, having brought her safely home. Mr. Freer never notices how pleased and bright his wife is to-night, and never dreams, though he does not go to the drawing-room till late after dinner, that he has not been missed.

He finds Kate sitting in the dusky shadow, with only one rose-shaded lamp to break the gloom; and his friend Drummond is at her side; and, if the low-toned conversation ceases on his entrance, he makes no comment. He little dreams that this is the first chapter of an old, old story—the first step that leads to misery and shame.

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The summer is two months older; it is hot—oppressively hot—and people are migrating to the seaside. Nearly every one has left except the Freers, and Kate has expressed no wish to go anywhere—and yet she seems restless and unhappy.

Perhaps every one except Mr. Freer notices that Mr. Drummond's visits are now of daily occurrence, that day after day Mrs. Freer spends the long hours on board Mr. Drummond's yacht. Her husband little knows how she enjoys these long days, though with a growing fear at her heart.

"I am glad you like Drummond's sisters so much," he says one day, in the innocence of his heart. "It must be pleasant to have them for companions."

Kate turns crimson at the unconscious words, and a passion of grief and remorse stirs her to the very soul.

"Jarvis," she whispers, looking at him with a world of untold misery in her lovely eyes, yet he cannot and will not understand, "when will you be ready to start somewhere for a change?"

He does not see that the color has left her face, does not see the mute appeal for help in her troubled glance.

"In a week or so," he answers carelessly. "Would you like to go to the Clyde, Kate? Drummond is going to take his yacht there."

"No," cries Kate sharply; "I should hate that. Let us go far away somewhere together, you and I."

"Very well," he answers; and he would be blind and dull indeed now did he not notice her deep and uncontrollable agitation. "Aren't you well?" he asks, a little anxiously. "Kate dear, what is the matter?" as she bursts into sudden tears. "My dear child, what is it?" Very tenderly he speaks, for he loves her dearly, and—Heaven help him, poor man!—he has not the faintest idea of his wife's deep distress.

"I have a headache, and it is so hot," she returns wildly, with an uncontrollable wish that he would say something cruel, accuse her, strike her—anything but be just as usual, so hopelessly commonplace.

"You can't be well," he says soothingly. "The heat is trying; I myself haven't felt quite the thing the last couple of days. Go and lie down, dear; and perhaps Drummond will come to-day and take you for a sail. The fresh air will do you good."

And so he goes to his daily work, having heaped coals of fire on his wife's head.

"If he would only hate me as I hate myself!" she thinks, hiding her shamed miserable face in her hands. "And he said perhaps Drummond would come. Do I not know that he is coming? Did he not tell me last night that he would be here to-day?"

Poor Jarvis Freer—he might have won his wife's heart even then had he not been so devoid of imagination as not to dream even that she was unhappy. He never noticed any change in her manner, and he puts down her sudden unaccountable agitation this morning to the weather. And every one is saying—

"I wonder Mr. Freer allows it; he must know what is going on. That man is never away from the house."

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Their plans are settled at last, and in a few days the Freers start for Switzerland. Kate's one wish is to put as great a distance as possible between herself and George Drummond. She is longing feverishly, impatiently, for the day to come. And now, to crown all—to add the last straw—Jarvis, all unwitting of what he is doing, asks Drummond to accompany them.

They are at dinner, and, when Jarvis has spoken, a pause that seems filled with hours of misery to Kate follows the question. With a sort of despair she looks up straight into George Drummond's face; and, if ever eyes pleaded mutely, hers do now.

"You are going to the Clyde," she says, in a low steady voice, with her imploring eyes looking into his. "Do not come!" they say plainly.

A quick light of triumph leaps into his as he answers her look, and then Kate's head is bent over her plate while he declines Jarvis's invitation.

"Thanks very much; but I don't think I could manage it;" and a sigh trembles on Mrs. Freer's lips as he speaks.

"I am saved!" she thinks—and yet what will her life be now without him?

A feeling of pity for her husband fills her heart. There is something unutterably sad in the thought that the friend who sits at his table and clasps his hand in friendship is guilty of the basest treachery. Kate's heart aches as she thinks of how he has trusted her—of how too he has trusted his friend, and how he has been betrayed.

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"Sing this."

To-night is as every other night. Mr. Freer stays downstairs, and George Drummond is communing with his friend's wife through that most dangerous of all mediums, music. In the mellow dusk of the summer night they sit, and their voices are low; and even in the soft light Kate cannot meet his eyes. Away in the city the roar and hum of the busy world are dying out; a silence seems to be creeping over land and sea. The silence between Mrs. Freer and George Drummond is fraught with a danger that seems to Kate's excited imagination to loom dark and lowering and irresistible, closing her in on every side.

Her hands tremble; she takes the song from him and goes to the piano, and the softly-shaded lights do not show the pallor of her cheeks.

"Why this?" she asks, in a hard voice that is hard for fear it should turn to tears.

She dares not say she will not sing what he has asked for, and her white fingers are trembling as with a low faltering voice she commences the song. Perhaps the words are too real to be lightly sung. Her voice rises and swells with an unconscious passion, and the man beside her can feel his pulses quicken and his heart throb as every note and every word find an echo in his own soul. Kate sings, with her sweet voice half sobbing and tremulous, words that can have but one meaning to them both.

The song ends in a passionate whisper. A moment's intense silence, then the man's voice, tremulous as her own, whispers "Kate!" and his hand takes her trembling fingers in his clasp.

"Be it so," he says, looking down at her drooping head—"'blessing or curse, which-e'er it be.'"

"No, no, no!" breaks from Kate's faltering lips; and then in the dusk the door opens softly, and guilty blushes flood her face as she snatches her hand away and struggles back to a semblance of composure at sound of her husband's voice.

"That was a very lovely song, Kate; will you sing it again, if you are not tired?"

If he only knew—if he only knew! Mrs. Freer, who has recovered her presence of mind as only a woman can, sings it over again straight through, without falter or break, to the end.

Mr. Drummond has walked to the window, and stands looking down at the strip of garden where the moonbeams lie in a white patch. What his thoughts are none can tell but himself, yet, if one looked into his face, one could perceive that some deep emotion stirs his very soul.

The song is ended, and Mrs. Freer sits in painful embarrassed silence.

A sharp knock at the hall door—the rat-tat of a telegraph-messenger—sounds suddenly, and a moment or so afterwards a telegram is brought up to Mr. Freer. It is of no great consequence, but will necessitate an answer by to-night's post; and so Mrs. Freer and George Drummond are again alone together, and Kate's heart beats fast.

Between her and the pale opal of the moonlit sky his dark figure is standing tall and still; and she, another man's wife, has let him know that she loves him. He crosses the room again, his hand touches her shoulder, and his voice, tremulous with passion, whispers words that are an insult to her wifehood.

And she? Even now a cry rises in her heart against the husband who thought her love not worth the winning, or perhaps rather, being nearly won, not worth the keeping. With one last despairing effort to save herself and him, she lays her quivering fingers on the notes and sings, wrought up to a pitch of emotional excitement. The music of Good-bye comes as the very wail of a broken heart.

"No," whispers the man passionately—"never good-bye for you and me, Kate! You are mine; you love me!"

"Oh hush!" cries Kate brokenly, with shamed crimson dyeing her cheeks that such words should be spoken to her, a wife. "Have pity! Have pity!"—and, with the wail for pity from him trembling on her lips, he takes her hands in his clasp and knows he has won.

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Everything is packed—the boxes stand ready in the hall—and to-morrow the Freers start for Switzerland.

Mrs. Freer neither eats nor sleeps; she looks like a person who has just risen from a sick-bed—so white is she, so haggard—with heavy miserable eyes and bloodless lips.

Mr. Freer is a little anxious about his wife. Is she going to be ill? She certainly looks very bad; and a little more tenderness creeps into his grave manner.

"My darling, I am concerned about you!" he said last night; and Kate, filled with anguish and remorse, burst into wild crying at the kindness of his words—she who but a few hours before had let another man kiss her lips!

"Vile wretch that I am!" thinks Kate miserably, and goes over and over again in her mind all the arguments that seemed so true and plausible when whispered in the tones of the man who loves her.

"You are mine by the law of Heaven!" he said. "This bondage of yours is no marriage; it is a sin, a mockery! You do not love him; you love me. Could you stay with him when your heart, your soul, your every thought is mine?"

And to-morrow Jarvis Freer hopes and intends to take his wife away for a little holiday. He little dreams that before the morning dawns disgrace will have fallen upon his home. There stand her boxes, packed and ready. She has given every direction herself, seeing about everything, moving about the house with a white face and burning eyes.

Dusk once more settles down over the great city. The Freers are at dinner. Kate has not touched one morsel; food would choke her.

Jarvis Freer is a little more talkative than usual to-night; perhaps the prospect of the journey to-morrow has shaken him out of his daily groove. He speaks of the length of their trip, the places they will visit, the people they will see, till Kate feels as if she must go mad. To sit opposite to him as usual, to hear him talk, and then to know that to-morrow his head will be bowed low with deepest shame—it is all like some frightful dream.

"If he would only kill me as I sit here!" thinks the unhappy wife, turning away her miserable eyes lest he should read the truth. "But he will be happier without me," she argues.

And yet—strange contradiction—her heart swells with pity for him as she hears his voice and looks at his calm unsuspecting face. "If he only had some idea, if he only suspected, I could bear it better," she thinks; and then the thought of that other man she loves stirs her soul, and all his whispered vows come thronging through her brain. Her better angel veils a sorrowful face, and leaves her alone with the tempter.

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Down the staircase creeps a shrinking figure, with a face from which youth and hope seem to have fled, so white it is and drawn.

Kate Freer is leaving her home forever. In a few seconds she will have closed the door forever upon safety, peace and happiness; for, oh, what peace can there be for her forevermore?

Slowly she comes stealing down, a long fur-lined cloak upon her arm, her hat hidden in the cloak. Concealment is now to Kate; she loathes herself because of the guilty thumping of her heart. The housemaid passes her on the staircase and addresses her.

"Everything is locked now, ma'am, except your dressing-bag. I don't think I have forgotten anything."

"No," whispers Kate huskily, afraid to look her own servant in the face.

The girl thinks her mistress is going to be ill, she is shaking so.

"Shall I carry your cloak down for you, ma'am?" she asks, with kind officiousness. "I can strap it with the rugs."

"No," answers Mrs. Freer sharply. "You can go away. I don't want anything."

And the girl, wondering at her strange manner, obeys.

"Perhaps he won't mind very much," thinks Kate. "I was never anything to him; he won't miss me."

Slowly she comes stealing down, thinking—strange anomaly—not of the lover for whom she is giving up everything, but of the husband she is leaving. Why did he speak so kindly to-night? Why was his voice more tender than usual?

"Go to bed early, dear. You have a long journey before you," he said, with thoughtful consideration for her comfort.

"Oh, the base treachery of it!" thinks the miserable woman. "Oh, if I had never met him!"

It is George Drummond she means, not the poor faithful commonplace man she is betraying.

She has reached the drawing-room flight of the stairs, and for a moment pauses with white lips and burning eyes, looking in at the open door. At what?

Only her husband, who has come upstairs, possibly to look about and see if by chance he has forgotten anything that he may want during the journey they are to begin to-morrow together. He is standing by the mantelpiece, looking amongst the ornaments, and then he moves to a little table whereon lie books and papers.

In his search he pauses and takes up a photograph, and looks at it long and tenderly. Kate Freer knows, with a sudden pang, that it is her own photograph he is looking at. She sees him take it carefully out of its frame and put it into his breast-pocket, to be his companion on the journey. She, his wife, sees it all through a mist of blinding bitter tears; and all at once she sees too her sin, shorn of all its attractions, standing before her in its hideous nakedness, a thing to be shunned and spurned; and with one gasping inarticulate cry she has crossed the room and flung herself at her husband's feet, clasping his knees with her hands.

"Husband—Jarvis—save me, save me!"

Hearing her cry, he stoops and raises her to his breast, perplexed, bewildered beyond measure.

"My dear Kate, what is it? What am I to save you from?"

"Save me from myself!" she cries through her bursting sobs, hiding her shamed face on his shoulder. "Oh, Jarvis, save me, save me!"

And surely, as his true arms close around her, she is saved indeed.

* * * * * *

Jarvis Freer does not know—never will know—of the shadow that came so near his home that night. In the morning they start for Switzerland; and, if Kate is pale and sad-looking, he attributes it to the hysterical attack of the night before.

He cannot understand the dumb yearning in her eyes, however, nor can he appreciate the almost grateful humility of her manner towards him; and when, a month later, he hears that George Drummond has gone on a foreign tour of unknown length, and tells the news to Kate, he knows not that she is thankful that it is in the dusk he tells her this, so that he cannot see the deep, distressed crimson that floods her face; nor does he know how her heart beats at the sound of his friend's name. And yet—ah, surely his great faith and loyal simplicity must meet with their own reward!

* * * * * *

Two whole years roll by, and, as of yore, the crimson thorn blushes within its narrow garden walls. And Kate—has she got over the great temptation of her life—is she happy at last?

Look at her, as she stands with a new light in her eyes and the pride and gladness of motherhood on her face, as she holds up in her arms a little mortal clad in lace and muslin, and laughs to see the baby clutch the rosy blossoms of the pink thorn-tree.

Mr. Freer stands beside his wife, and looks at both wife and child with his old kind smile; and then they go back to the house together, and as they go he says gravely:

"I heard sad news to-day, Kate, and it distressed me very much. George Drummond has run away with another man's wife. It was in all the papers to-day. He used to be a nice fellow; I never thought he would have done anything of that kind."

He does not look at Kate as he speaks, or he might notice how all the warm color leaves her cheek suddenly, and she bends her face down over baby's downy head.

Husband and child—Kate thinks she can never be thankful enough for the love of both. In all the years of her life she feels she will never be able to make atonement. Over her head there must be that shadow always; and even now Jarvis Freer cannot understand why his wife slips her fingers within his, and then raises his hand to her lips.

Harshly Judged.

BY KATE KINGSLEY.

ONE day Harry said to me: "Some would tell me I should wait until I have enough money to call myself a rich man before I ask the woman I love to be my wife; but I can't do that. Will you help me to fight? I will do my best to make a home pleasant for you, my love, my darling!"

I had been waiting for him to say so for many a day, and I replied: "Harry, my heart is strong for the battle, and I am willing to go with you."

So we were married, and I went with him to his home, the happiest bride in all the world.

The winters were hard, the roads were bad, and sometimes, when I sat and heard the rising wind rattle the boughs overhead, I thought of the snug village where I was born, and of the pleasant evenings when neighbors dropped in, and we had such pleasant times together. Then I would think of Harry, and forget the lonely farmhouse and the stormy weather.

I don't know how it was, but I began to feel unhappy, and angry at Harry, or I should not have spoken as I did the day he brought Sam Wilson home.

"Susie," said he, "here is Sam—poor fellow! more his own enemy than anybody else's; but he was a good friend to me when I was ill with fever, and my money was stolen. I'll never forget how he shared all he had with me. I think we can give him a bed and a seat at our table, and a chance to try again, perhaps, without hurting ourselves."

It was a hard trial—I own that now—for there was no one I detested as I did this Sam Wilson.

"You have chosen strange company, I must say, Harry, if that is the kind of men you like," I said.

"Susie," he said, "you'll be sorry for speaking so. I've had enough moral courage to keep me from drinking, and he was once as steady as I. Perhaps if you had jilted me, as Kate Reese jilted him, I might have been what he is now."

So there he was with us, always smelling of bad whisky, though how he procured it Heaven only knows, talking of getting work, and never trying.

So at last I said to Harry: "That tipsy loafer must leave. Tell him so to-night, Harry."

"I will not, Susie—I cannot! He did not turn from me when I was helpless. He was my brother then; I'll be his brother now, God helping me!"

"Think of your children, Harry. A nice example he is!"

"He never utters an improper word in their or your presence," said Harry. "He is humble and broken, and long before the children know what drink is, he'll be beneath the sod. Have patience with Sam, Susie—have patience!"

"Just this much," said I. "If you tell him to go to-night, I stay; if not, I go. Choose between your wife and friend. That is what I mean, Harry Lee."

Then I turned away.

"Have you spoken to Sam?" I asked Harry that night.

"No; and never will while the poor fellow harms no one," he said.

"You remember what I said?" I asked.

"I try to forget any foolish speeches you may make, Susie," said my husband, and I ground my teeth together, I was so angry.

I never meant to leave my husband, for I did intend to have my own way; so I wrote a letter telling him he had chosen between Sam and me, put my children in the bedroom, packed up my silver in a small basket, and left the house.

I had a surprise while I was packing up: for just a second I thought I saw a face pressed against the window; but it was, no doubt it was that of Sam, who was always loafing about. I only hurried the more and started the sooner. Of course Cousin Mary would take me in and sympathize with me; and Harry would suspect where I was, and, with the children on his hands, would give up and come for me. So I walked on, feeling perfectly fiendish, and hating myself for it, too.

There were great woods between us and my cousins—woods that made twilight at noon. But I was not afraid, and went on with my silver jingling in my basket, and my heart full of rage, until I came to the thickest of the wood, and there—I wonder that I lived through it—I heard a step behind me, and, before I could look, felt a hand at my throat and another twisting my watch-chain.

"You're a prize worth capturing!" said a voice. "Hand us over that basket; I saw you pack it up. What else have you about you?"

I knew it was not wise to scream, but I did.

"Be quiet!" the wretch whispered. "Dead men tell no tales. You will not live to tell of this robbery!"

Then I knew the man; I had seen him before. He was a notorious blackguard. But in another moment I was free, and two men rolled on the ground before me, while poor Sam Wilson's voice shouted, "Run home, Susie Lee, run home! He has killed me. Go, go!"

I ran till I could see nothing, hear nothing but the beating of my heart. Then at my own door I met my husband, and tried to tell what was happening in the wood. I suppose he understood, for when I regained strength he had gone, taking his gun. I followed, and came to the spot where I had left those men.

One was there yet, Sam Wilson. Harry knelt beside him, holding his hand, and the ground was red with blood, and the face against it whiter than I ever thought it could grow. But the eyes were open still, and turned on me very kindly.

"Don't die, Sam, don't die! We'll never forget what you have done to-day! Our home is your home forever if you live!" I sobbed.

"You see, I heard what you said to your husband, and that's how I came to be here. I was going away, and, being in the wood, heard your scream. Harry, old boy, would your wife kiss me now I am dying? A woman's kiss would, I think, help me now."

I put my lips to his. One word, "Kate," was all he said, and I felt as though I had murdered him.

Harry and I are gray, and our boys are men. But I never forgot Sam. I don't know that I ought to have been forgiven, but Harry forgave me, and I have never forgotten my duty since.

We are well off now, and in most things I am a happy woman. But there is one skeleton in my closet that walks from its biding-place sometimes to haunt me, and that is my unkindness to poor Sam Wilson.

GYMNASTICS FOR THE JAWS.—This subject is discussed by a writer who gives some simple hints for the prevention and removal of wrinkles.

Wrinkles are due (he says) to the gradual wearing away of flesh underneath the cuticle. Why does the flesh wear away? Because the facial muscles have either too little or the wrong kind of exercise. It will be observed that wrinkles usually take a downward course. This is due to the wrong kind of exercise. What exercise? Why, the washing and wiping of the face to be sure.

Reverse the process, and, instead of rubbing the face down in washing and wiping, always rub upwards. This will have the effect of counteracting the tendency of the flesh to depart from under the cuticle, and will keep the face free from wrinkles. It is rather an awkward habit to acquire at first, but perseverance will make it second nature, and the result is worth many pains. This exercise is designed particularly for the benefit of the eyes and upper portion of the cheeks.

Then, for the middle and lower portion of the face, where hollowness, rather than wrinkles, is often noted, another plan must be taken. The facial muscles are subjected to very slight activity in the ordinary exertions of eating and talking.

To fill the cheeks out plump and round it is necessary to develop the muscles there. These muscles are very slight at the best, but any special effort well directed will increase them in capacity and size. An excellent exercise for this purpose is this: Take a piece of soft leather—kid or chamois skin will do—and put the end of it between the teeth; then chew gently upon it for several minutes, taking care not to raise the teeth from the leather.

If the teeth are raised it will bring into play only the ordinary muscles of mastication, whereas the purpose is to develop those that are seldom used. One who tries this method will find the cheeks going through a queer action that is anything but graceful and pretty; nevertheless, it is immensely effective, and will restore to their youthful plumpness even the most hollow cheeks. Try it faithfully, and you will be convinced.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

The Indian has his sorrows, but his wife suffers most. At night the men steep the sleep of careless satiety. The women, after a few duties in preparation for the morrow, may also sleep. When the sun has gone, and the twinkling stars have come, she seeks the hardest spots, wraps herself in fewest and thinnest blankets, and strives to forget, in the heavy sleep of weariness and exhaustion, the crushing labors of the day, and sorrowful prospect of the morrow.

It must be said for the red man that he keeps good hours. Darkness usually finds him in bed, and the pangs of hunger and the swarms of buzzing, biting flies, may be counted upon to rouse him at the first blush of dawn. His toilet is soon made. In summer it is limited to a stretch and a long-drawn, ghost-satisfying yawn, ending in a querulous demand for breakfast. In winter it is much more elaborate, but it is even then comprised in a judicious selection of blankets and robes for the day's wear. He chooses from those in which he has passed the night, a greater or less quantity, according to the inclemency of the weather.

The Indian goes to bed as he dies, with his boots on. He washes—never. In all things save eating, horses, and the labor of women, he is scrupulously economical. He wastes nothing. A few sticks of wood, and they are always surprisingly small, suffice to keep his lodge tolerably warm in the severest weather. If the nights are cool, and they frequently are so, the lodge floor at night is a writhing mass of Indians, great and small lying closely together for warmth. Night has few attractions for those who believe that it was made to sleep in. Their savage fancy, therefore peoples it with baneful spirits, whose presence means no good, whose influence is always evil, boding death and misfortune. Nothing short of the direst necessity will induce them to move or travel at night, and no form of amusement can be conceived as attractive enough to draw an Indian from the blankets which he seeks at the close of day.

LANTERNS IN CHINA.—The streets of a Chinese town are entirely unlighted, so every one moving about at night carries a lantern or a torch, and a lantern is hung up outside of every temple, shop, and house. Consequently there is an enormous trade done in lanterns of all sizes, from the huge ones down to the tiny little things no larger than oranges. They are made generally of glass, but usually of silk or paper, stretched on a bamboo and painted with various, and the family surnames, shop-sign, title of temple, etc., are always written, with red paint on the body of the lantern. It is more respectable to be known or stop the more elaborate and costly the lantern, and the temples use the most splendid. Men of no respectability—gamblers, scamps, and such like—find that this practice makes identification disagreeably easy, and get over the difficulty by carrying lanterns inscribed with such common surnames as Smith or Brown are with us. Many the expense they put to, when, being arrested, with a mere "Are you Brown?" "Yes, sir," and so on. Lantern-carrying has become such a habit in the country that a Chinaman never dreams of leaving home at night without one.

AN eminent doctor says that he has noted in his own practice fifty-one cases in which children had suffered more or less serious injury (in one case death) to their ears by being "boxed" on the side of the head by their parents or others. This form of chastisement he shows to be a highly dangerous one.

A WOMAN down in Maine has a collection of more than 800 kinds of candy, and she is now interested in dressing it in the form of women and men. As the days go by she will collect about her house and stay there the season through.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Since crocodiles and alligators have supplied leather merchants and manufacturers with their skins, in order to satisfy a freak of fashion, they have been hunted and destroyed to such a degree that American traders are casting anxious glances towards the once happy hunting grounds on the Mississippi, from which the cuirassed game is rapidly vanishing. The practical native, however, is not to be beaten by either crocodiles or alligators, and where once he frolicked in freedom, it is now kept in enclosures, where it grows and multiplies apace.

Adulteration of milk has caused the issuance of strict regulations in Berlin concerning the required quality of all the milk offered for sale in the city; each vender has to have a license from the police; the milk is classified as full (pure) milk, half-milk, and lean milk, the quality of each of which is clearly prescribed according to the standard lactometer; adulterations of any kind are strictly prohibited; the milk is to be kept in clean and airy places; the owners of cows are to be visited, and must, on demand, admit the inspecting police officer, appointed by a commissioner. Contraventions, unless liable to much severer punishment by civil law, will be punished by fines of from 3 to 30 marks, or imprisonment.

The experience of an absent-minded physician on his return to Boston after a long vacation is related by one of his friends. He happened to meet a certain lady in a horse car. "And how is your husband?" he inquired, after the usual salutations. "Doctor," was the reply, "have you forgotten already that you attended him during his last illness?" "Hum, ha, madam," he said, "of course I remember it was your son that I had in mind; I meant to inquire about him." "He died two years ago while under your care," was the response, in a voice in which sugar predominated over grief. This was more than human flesh could bear, and the unfortunate physician fled, without stopping to explain that there were still some members of the family at whose departure he had not yet mourned.

Over a year ago a widow brought suit against the New York elevated railroads for injuring her property. She has a house, which she fitted up neatly after her husband died, and offered it for rent, but nobody would take it, and the noise of the train made a residence there intolerable. The suit was begun; the house stood empty. The widow's lawyer informed her that the case would be tried this September. Last week a gentleman waited upon the widow, and offered to take her house as a monthly tenant, giving her a few dollars more than the rental she had previously asked. The widow gladly accepted this tenant, who paid in advance. Now her lawyer is upbraiding her for having fallen into a trap set by the elevated managers, who are in a position to prove that, so far from her property being injured, it actually brings a higher rental than ever before.

Mr. David Dudley Field, the eminent American lawyer, at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London, recently, to the members of the Conference on the Law of Nations, said, in the course of a speech, that when he saw the grand navy display at Spithead he was of good mark he could. What must be the state of a public law owing to maintain such a vast armament? Was it true that the strength century should devise no way but instead of the enormous armaments that were crushing the people of Europe? If half of the statesmanship, half the philanthropy, half the literature brought to bear upon other questions were applied to this subject, armaments would soon be reduced or would disappear altogether. To say otherwise was to surrender our head and take the position of beasts of prey that deserve all to die. He thought that the acceptance of the Alabama Claims arbitration reflected more honor upon England than all her martial victories.

It is well known that the Empress of Austria possesses the most magnificent mass of dark brown hair in Europe, which, however, she scarcely ever wears, and whenever she does her coiffures are invariably made either in the form of a jockey's hat or a horseshoe. There is an amusing story told of one of the little Archduchesses of Austria who was taken to a circus. Nothing amazed her, and very little pleased her. On her return home the Emperor asked how she had enjoyed the performance. "Oh, very well, the young lady replied, "only mamma does everything the circus women do in private—only better. Why, I have seen her go through hoops. It appears that this is really true, and that the Empress has on more than one occasion given a strictly private entertainment to her intimates, in which she has surprised them with feats rivaling those of the most skilled circus riders. Her Majesty started in life with a double intention—first, of proving that she was not only the most beautiful woman in Europe, but the most versatile; and second, that she was the finest horsewoman [illegible] ever seen. The Emperor adores the Empress, but she scarcely ever allows him to be in her company, and goes her own way rejoicing.

Our Young Folks.

THE STORK.

BY HANS ANDERSON.

UPON the last house in a little town there stood a stork's nest. The stork-mother sat in the nest, with her four young ones, which stuck out their heads, with their little black beaks, for their beaks had not yet become red.

Not far off, upon the ridge of the house roof, stood the stork-father, as stiffly and proudly as possible, he had tucked up one leg under him, for though that was rather inconvenient, still he was standing as sentinel. One might have fancied that he was carved out of wood, he stood so stock still.

"It looks certainly very consequential," thought he himself, "that my wife should have a sentinel to her nest. Nobody need know that I am her husband, they will think, of course, that I commanded the sentinel to stand here. It looks so very proper."

And having thus thought, he contined to stand on one leg.

A troop of little boys were playing down in the street below, and when they saw the storks, the boldest lad amongst them began to sing, and at last they all sang together, that old rhyme about the storks, which the children in Denmark sing; but they sang it now because it had just come into their heads—

"Stork, stork on one leg,
Fly home to thy egg;
Mrs. Stork she sits at home,
With four great, big young ones;
The eldest shall be hung,
The second have its neck wrung.
The third shall be burned to death.
The fourth shall be murdered!"

"Only hear what those lads sing!" said the little storks, "they sing that we shall be hanged and burned!"

"Do not vex yourselves about that!" said the stork mother; "don't listen to them, and then it does not matter."

But the boys continued to sing, and they pointed with their fingers to the stork. There was one boy, however, among them, and his name was Peter, and he said that it was a sin to make fun of the storks, and he would not do it.

The stork mother consoled her young ones thus:

"Don't annoy yourselves about that. Look how funnily your father stands on one leg."

"We are so frightened!" said the young ones, and buried their heads down in the nest.

The next day, when the children assembled again to play, they saw the storks, and they began their verse—

"The second have its neck wrung
The third shall be burned to death."

"Shall we be burned and hanged?" asked the young storks.

"No, certainly not," said the mother. "You shall learn to fly; I will exercise you; and so we shall take you into the meadows, and go a visiting to the frogs, that make courtesies to us in the water; they sing—'kvax! kvax!' and so we eat them up. that is a delight."

"And *how* so?" asked the young storks.

"And the storks which are in the whole country assemble," said the mother, "and so the autumn manœuvres begin; every one must be clever at flying; that is of great importance, for those that cannot fly are pecked to death by the general, with his beak; and, therefore, it is as well to learn something before the exercise begins."

"And so we really may be murdered! as the boys said; and hark! now they are singing it again."

"Listen to me, and not to them," said the stork-mother. "After the great manœuvre we fly away to the warm countries. O, such a long way off, over mountains and woods! We fly to Egypt, where there are three-cornered stone houses, which go up in a point above the clouds, they are called pyramids, and are older than any stork can tell. There is a river which overflows its banks, and so the country becomes all mud. One goes in the mud and eats frogs."

"O!" said all the young ones.

"Yes, that is so delightful! One does nothing at all but eat, all day long; and whilst we are so well off, in this country there is not a single green leaf upon the trees; here it is, then, so cold, and the very clouds freeze into pieces, and fall down in little white rags!"

That was the snow which she meant, but she could not explain it more intelligibly.

"Will it freeze the naughty boys into bits?" asked the young ones.

"No, it will not freeze them into bits, but it will pretty nearly do so; and they will be obliged to sit in dark rooms and cough. You, on the contrary, all that time, can be flying about in the warm countries, where there are flowers and warm sunshine."

Some time had now passed, and the young ones were so large that they could stand up in the nest and look about them, and the stork-father came flying every day with nice little frogs and snakes, and all the stork-delicacies which he could possibly find.

O, it was extraordinary what delicious morsels he got for them. He stretched out his head, clattered with his beak, as if it had been a little rattle, and thus he told them tales about the marshes.

"Listen to me; now you must learn to fly," said the stork mother one day.

And so all the young ones were obliged to get out of the nest upon the ridge of the house; and how dizzy they were; how they balanced themselves with their wings, and for all that were very near falling.

"Look at me," said the mother; "you must hold your heads thus, and thus must you set your wings. Now, one, two—one, one two. This it is which must help you out into the world."

With this she flew a little way, and the young ones made a little clumsy hop—bump—there they lay, for their bodies were heavy.

"I cannot fly," said one of the young ones; "it's no use my trying," and crept up to the nest again.

"Will thou be frozen to death here when winter comes?" asked the mother. "Shall the boys come and hang thee, and burn thee, and wring thy neck? Shall I go and call them?"

"O, no!" said the young stork; and so hopped again on the roof like the others had done.

On the third day after that it could regularly fly a little, and so they thought that they could now rest awhile in the air. They tried to do so, but—bump!—there they tumbled, and so they were obliged to flutter their wings again.

The boys were now down in the street once more, and sung their rhyme—

"Stork, stork fly."

"Shall not we fly down and peck their eyes out?" said the young ones.

"No, let them be," said the mother, "and listen to me, that is far wiser. One, two, three! Now we fly around higher than ever. One, two, three! Now to the left of the chimney—one, that was very well done; and the last stroke of the wings was so beautiful and correct, that I will give you leave to go down to the marsh with me to-morrow. There will come a great number of pleasant stork families there, with their children; let me have the happiness of seeing that mine are the nicest, and that they can make a bow and courtesy; that looks so well, and gains respect."

"But shall we not have revenge on the naughty boys?" inquired the young storks.

"Let them sing what they like," said the mother; "you will fly amid the clouds, go to the land of the pyramids, when they must freeze, and neither have a green leaf left, nor a sweet apple!"

"Yes, but we will be revenged," whispered they one to another, and then went out again to exercise.

Of all the boys in the street there was not one who sung the jeering rhymes about the storks so much as he who first began it; and he was a very little one, and not more than six years old.

The young storks thought, to be sure, that he must be a hundred years old, for he was so much larger than either their mother or their father; and they, poor things, knew nothing about how old children and great men might be.

All their revenge, they determined, should be taken upon this boy; he was the first to begin, and he it was who always sang.

The young storks were very much irritated, and the more they were determined on revenge, the less they said of it to their mother. Their mother, they thought, would at last grant their wishes, but they would leave it till the last day they were in the country.

"We must see how you conduct yourselves in the great manœuvre," said the mother; "if you fall in that, then the general will run you through with his beak, and then the boys will be right in one way, at least. Now let us see."

"Yes, thou shalt see," said the young ones.

And so they took great pains and practised every day, and flew so beautifully and so lightly that it was really charming to see them.

Now came the autumn, and all the storks began to assemble to fly away into the warm countries, whilst we have winter. That was a manœuvre! Over wood and town went they, just to see how they could fly.

The young storks performed so expertly that they could discern very well both frogs and snakes. That was the very best test of skill. "Frogs and snakes, therefore, they should eat;" and they did so.

"Now let us have revenge," said they.

"Leave off talking of revenge," said the mother. "Listen to me, which is a great deal better. Do not you remember the good little boy who said, when the others sung, 'that it was a sin to make fun of the storks?' Let us reward him, that is better than having revenge."

"Yes, let us reward him," said the young storks.

"He shall have, next summer, a nice little sister, such a beautiful little sister as never was seen. Will not that be a reward for him?" said the mother.

"It will," said the young ones; "a sweet little sister he shall have."

"And as he is called Peter," continued the mother, "so shall you also be called Peter altogether."

And that which she said was done. The little boy had the loveliest of little sisters next year; and from that time all the storks in Denmark were called Peter, and so are they to this day.

IT is not generally known the elaborate lying that imitates frost and ice on Christmas cards is done by scattering particles of ground glass over gummed cards. These tiny atoms penetrate the lungs of the poor girls employed in their manufacture, and either kill them or very soon render them helpless invalids.

THE FOUR-WHEELED DOG.

BY HENRY SMITH.

"BOW-WOW-WOW! squeak, squeak!"

"What's the matter, Doggie?" asked Miss Dolly.

"It is time to get up," said the Dog, which was in the corner under a chair tied by a string, for Kathleen, his mistress, had made him a watch-dog that night, and had tied the White Poodle, a four wheeled species of dog, to the chair, which turned down, was his kennel for the night.

"Time to get up," said the dog again. "Bow-wow!"

"Time to have a story, you mean," replied Dolly. "Come, Toys wake up; the four-wheeled Dog is going to tell us a tale."

Then the four-wheeled Dog, after taking a little bark to clear his throat, began:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the adventure I have to relate is rather a curious one. It happened when I was quite a young dog, while I was still in the toy-shop, before I was placed on the shelf. I was able to speak when pressed, and when wound up I could run along the floor.

"The old couple who kept the shop had a dear little grandchild—an orphan, I thought, for her parents never came to see her. Her father and mother were either dead or in a distant land. She liked me, and would take me up in her arms and make me talk, or run about on the floor after the shop was shut up. I very much wanted to know all about this little girl, who she was, and how she, such a pretty child, had come to live in a little out-of-the way toy shop.

"There was no toy in which I could confide. To tell the drum would have been useless, for he is so noisy; and the trumpet is worse, for he would have brayed it all out. So I stood on the floor, and waited until one evening a little ship, which had made several voyages over a pond, and had been sent in for repairs, came close to me.

"The ship had seen the world. It had been down the road and across the common where the pond is; where the dogs swim in summer, and where the ice is made in winter. So I asked the one-masted vessel, and it told me that little Bessie's father was a sailor on the sea far away, and that she had no mamma.

"I was very sorry to hear this, because, although we poor toys have no mammas either, I have, as we all have, seen how kind and loving all mammas are who buy us for their little children. After hearing that Bessie had no mamma, and that her papa was away—perhaps dead, and had not seen her for years—I loved her more than ever in my poodle fashion, and let her play with me and make me run, until my wheels quite ached and got stiff from running. So no one bought me, and Bessie was allowed to play with me as if I were her own dog.

"One day, to my intense delight, she took me out. I think it was a holiday, or on Saturday afternoon, for there was a great many people about. Bessie was very careful, and for fear I would be lost she put a label on me with her name and address, so that if I strayed or was left behind some one would bring me home.

"I ran along the pavement led by a string. There were many real live things something like myself barking and noisy, which rushed about on legs, and whisked their tails—but none of them had wheels, ladies and gentlemen, and I really believe not one of them would go if wound up!

"Bessie pulled me along, and I rolled as well as I could. Many dogs sniffed at me, but I took no notice of them. At last we came to the pond, and there were dogs of all kinds jumping in from the high bank, and from the edge of the water, rushing with sticks in their mouth, and slinking themselves when they came out in a very unpleasant manner.

"There was one very big animal which jumped over me, and pushed rudely against little Bessie. She stepped aside several times, but once, as she was looking away, the great live black dog came tearing by, pushed her off her feet, and splash she fell into the pond, in the deep part where there is a notice board.

"I was jerked off my wheels in a moment, and dragged into the water too. I had only time for one yelp, for it was all so sudden. I knew I could swim, so was not alarmed, but I did not think that Bessie could. There is the advantage of being a wooden toy. We can all swim; but so many human children cannot, and yet they are on the water often. Why don't they learn to swim with their arms and legs? Why, we all can float as soon as we exist! What poor creatures these humans are, with all their grandeur!

"Poor little Bessie could not swim, and she might have been drowned had not the very dog which had pushed her in jumped after her and caught hold of her frock. He managed to hold her up while two men rushed in and caught her in their arms. In two minutes she was on the bank again, dripping wet, but quite well, although very much frightened.

"'Oh! my dog—my little dog!' she screamed. 'Get my dear doggie!'

"This was I. I was her dear doggie, floating about on my side, very limp; the water was getting through my coat, and I felt my voice had quite gone already, owing to the wetting.

"'You run home with this good woman,' said a man. 'I'll pick up your doggie.'

"So Bessie was hurried home, wrapped up in a shawl, as fast as possible, and the kind man fished me out. I bobbed under a few times, but at last he caught me and pulled me in. Oh, I was cold! My leather was soaked through, my wheels as heavy as lead, my fluffy coat peeled off, and my paint—my beautiful paint—all daubed with mud, and running into my eyes.

"'Well, now I've got you,' said the man, 'where am I to take you? I wish I'd asked the child.'

"I couldn't tell him—I had lost my voice; but I could give him a hint, so I very cleverly slipped from his hands, and in turning around let him see the name and address between my wheels. He cried out loud, and stared at me. I was quite frightened at him, I can tell you.

"Then he kissed me! Yes, actually kissed me, and hugged me under his coat! I thought he was mad with hydrophobia or something. But he ran off to the toy-shop, and darted into the room as soon as the door was opened.

"'Where's my darling little Bessie?' he cried. 'Let me see her—let me see her.'

"His darling Bessie? Then this was her old father, who people said was dead! He had been away at sea for years, had never kept up any letter-writing with his wife's parents, and so missed finding Bessie when they moved from their old home. In this way, you see, Miss Dolly, I was the means of uniting Bessie and her father. But I was forgotten. I was sent to be mended, and never saw Bessie again. She went away with her papa afterwards, and when I was done up nicely I was bought for Miss Kathleen by her kind mamma. That is my story."

"And a very nice one," said Dolly, "is it not?"

"Yes. Thank you, Doggie," said the Animals, the Toys and the Spade. "Good-night."

"Good-night," said the four-wheeled Dog. "Bow-wow!"

And the Toy-horse rocked them all to sleep.

BOOKS IN ANCIENT ROME.—In a German magazine is an interesting account of the production of books in ancient Rome. It is stated therein that, notwithstanding the Romans had no printing presses, books were at that time produced much more quickly and in larger numbers than most modern works. Paper was used which was almost woven out of the fibre of the Egyptian papyrus, which grows to the height of ten feet, and which has given its name to paper. A Roman residing in Egypt assures us that the yield of his paper manufactory would be sufficient to support an army, and whole shiploads of paper were sent from Egypt to Rome. Before books of any description were reproduced in large numbers, they were read mostly either in private circles or publicly, so that the author could adopt suggestions from the improvement of his work. Wealthy Romans used to own a large number of slaves for all kind of services, which rendered labor cheap, as they cost nothing in very many cases, and had only to be supported. The works of authors were dictated to a number of slaves, women also being employed for that purpose. Even among freemen and liberated slaves the desire to obtain employment became so great that hundreds of willing hands could be had for writing books at a very low rate of wages.

The instruction imparted in the workshops of Roman publishers necessitated a regular course of training, which was to teach the apprentices an easy and elegant handwriting. If a publisher had at his disposal say a hundred writers, and reckoning the working day at ten hours, a document which took an hour to write would be multiplied in the course of a day to a thousand copies. The writers became in time expert to such a degree that they combined quickness with elegance.

It must also be added that in cases where speed was the first consideration on, the use of stenographic contractions became general, and we possess illustrations of their employment in the old manuscripts still in existence. We are also informed that both readers and copyists were instructed and trained, the former in the solution, the latter in the application of contractions. Their object was to copy works as quickly as possible, the use of full words being only resorted to for the best works.

The above brief account demonstrates to us the fact that the Romans made the nearest approach to the invention of printing, although they never attained to it. The movable stamps of iron or other metals used by the Romans for making earthenware vessels or other utensils also prove this. But the art of rapid writing, which was perfected by them to an unusual degree, had the effect of counteracting a further development.

MISS SAWYER, who is poor, was introduced at a lunch party to Miss Taylor, who is rich, and was coldly received. Miss Sawyer is bright, and knows her own antecedents and Miss Taylor's also. She was unabashed, and spoke cheerily: "I'm so glad to meet you. I've often wanted to. It's so funny—my name is Sawyer, and my grandfather was a tailor; and your grandfather was a sawyer. Mine used to make clothes for yours, and yours used to saw wood for mine."

AN innovation has been made within a year or two in the style of hose worn by a certain class of New Yorkers. The change is not one of quality but of form. It consists in providing a separate pocket for each toe, after the fashion of a glove. This makes the regular "digitated" hose, but there is also a "one-toed" style, made like a mitten with a separate pocket for the great toe. Leading dealers say that many of these stockings are sold.

LEFT BEHIND.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

We started equal in the race—nay, more,
We started hand in hand—how good seemed life!
How shone the little waves upon the shore
Where first we wandered; when he called me wife,
I could not see the shadow's awesome birth,
For sunshine flooded all the fair young earth.

How has it faded? Love that was so true
In those first days, has lost its early grace.
Soft drifting clouds gather below the blue,
That seemed to be fair Heaven's unclouded face,
That shone above us as we turned to leave
A life of dreams—that love alone did weave.

Yet home was there; for that first home of ours
We did not scorn the voice that called us there!
Our home should e'er be bright as Eden's bowers,
Our love should wax with time more sweet, more fair.
Work claimed us; life stood no more idly by,
Teaching the happy hours how to fly.

He had his dreams to dream, just as of old,
His fancies flew above on happy wings;
Escaping all that was so dully told—
The weary march of useful common things.
I could not rise: when quite worn-out with pain,
Or children's cries, I longed for sleep again.

I slipped aside unwitting—but in dreams
I saw alone once more that happy time,
Ere work could separate, or blur the gleams
The sun had lent us—turning prose to rhyme.
He rose yet higher, and I loosed the hand;
I would not drag him down from fairy-land.

For he is happy, and his life is sweet.
Nor recks he that so far I lag behind.
Perchance beyond life's mists once more we'll meet,
And in one strand our lives shall then be twined:
One strand so strong, it shall have power to draw
Our hearts together—being one, once more.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

A Mohammedan girl in her holiday clothes in India, wears rings on her fingers and toes, bangles on her ankles, bracelets, earrings, necklaces, and a nose-ring jeweled, just as women wore in the days of Isaiah, nearly nine hundred years before Christ, and before Rome was founded.

A Mohammedan woman wears a loose trouser, nearly as wide as a petticoat, which is so folded round the limbs that one end of it is thrown over the shoulder, and at pleasover the head.

A Hindoo woman is altogether differently attired, though equally picturesque. Similar jewelry is worn; but, in addition to the yellow paint on the hands and soles of the feet, a small ornamental spot or sign is painted on the forehead, which the Mohammedans never have, recalling to mind the mark on the brow of Cain.

Society in the higher ranks is entertaining and by no means insipid. The natural gentleness of manners, and easy politeness of ladies of rank, make them pleasing companions, their remarks being clever and pertinent. Their knowledge on many subjects sometimes surprises Europeans, who imagine them to be totally uneducated.

Hindoo parents make a point of marrying their children at a very early age. If this rule be neglected, they believe that their ancestors, for many generations past, will be severely tormented. If the parents cannot find suitable matches for their girls, they will select the old, the sick, and even the dying, to marry the young victim, perhaps only a few hours before the death of the man she is married to.

Till a girl of rank is married, she lives in idleness, with nothing to do but to adorn herself, to make images, or to decorate small images of cows for worship—just as in Egypt, before the Pyramids existed—and in ceremonies of various kinds; and thus the early youth of a Hindoo girl is spent. When at nine or eleven years old, her marriage takes place. These two ages are marked as the most auspicious.

The marriage state is considered highly honorable; unmarried men, or widowers without again marrying, are not considered eligible for any public or trustworthy situation.

The numerous ceremonies, lasting five days, attending marriages among the higher class of natives, are conducted with a splendor of fairy-land, unknown to Europeans.

The first day is ushered in by the parents and friends of the bride taking her down to the nearest river or mountain stream, where she is met by the bridegroom and his friends. Here they undergo ablution, during which prayers are recited, and fires kindled to "avert the evil eye." They are then conducted to a temple profusely decorated with flowers, flags, and draperies, where a prayer is said to all the gods asking for their spiritual attendance at the wedding. This completed, the bride, veiled, and bridegroom are seated on a rich carpet with their faces turned to the east. Numerous forms are got through with till sunset; such as washing their feet with milk, anointing certain parts of the body of each with oil and perfumes, composed principally of attar of roses. The parents then conduct the bride and bridegroom in a carriage back to their separate dwellings, amid the roar of drums, trumpets, horns, and shouts.

The following day the two are again taken to the same temple, where both the parents join the hands of the couple; and while thus clasped, seven measures of sacred water, seven measures of corn, and seven measures of milk are poured over them. Nine strings are then fastened over the left shoulder and under the right arm of the bride, and an amulet is clasped round the bride's neck as emblematic of marriage.

The third day a large wooden pile is erected, and spices and perfumes are heaped upon it, and then set on fire, the perfume wafting its fragrance to a great distance. The bride and her party have to walk round this fire several times, accompanied with music, singing, and dancing. The bridegroom and his party do the same, when both he and the bride are carried home in a triumphal car.

The fourth day, a grand feast takes place, and the couple eat together, for the first time that the girl has ever eaten in the presence of a man, and it is a trial to her modesty; it is also for the last time, for never again will they eat in the company of each other. No high-class Hindoo woman ever eats in the presence of her husband or male relative. This day's ceremony is marked by a magnificent display of gorgeous dresses, decorations, and sumptuous fare.

The fifth day is chiefly dedicated to sacrifices, and it is only on this occasion that a woman can be engaged in anything of this nature. After sunset more ablutions take place, and the bride and bridegroom are then dressed in their most splendid dresses, and with their costliest jewels. They are then mounted on a superb car and carried in grand procession through the principal streets of the town by torchlight.

Thus ends a Hindoo marriage. The parents give away immense sums of money during a high-class wedding.

One Rajah, on the marriage of his daughter to a neighboring Rajah, spent twenty thousand pounds during the five days the festivities lasted. Another spent sixty thousand pounds on the marriage of his daughter. The money is often thrown in large sums to the masses of people assembled.

There are much fewer ceremonies at the marriage of a Mohammedan woman of rank, but there is more feasting and more noise. Even horses, camels, and elephants are made to partake of the wedding cakes, a compound of sugar, butter, and very little flour.

Grains of Gold.

True gladness doth not always speak.

It wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain.

Well-arranged time is a sign of a well-ordered mind!

The truest end of a life is to know the life that never ends.

The heart ought to give charity, when the hand cannot.

What we ought not to do we should not even think of doing.

It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.

A good heart will, at all times, betray the best head in the world.

A good way to make the children tell the truth is to tell it yourself.

Three things in speech ought to be considered—the manner, the place and the time.

Nothing will so increase and strengthen the virtues as practice and experience in them.

Never expect a sense of justice in a man whom you know to be dishonest in anything.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities: the bright are sometimes poisonous, but, I believe, never the sweet.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.

As the medical properties of some plants can be adduced only by distillation, so our good qualities can only be proved by trials.

Real difficulties are the best cure of imaginary ones, because God helps us in the real ones and so makes us ashamed of the other.

Femininities.

Fan your pulse, not your face.

Mrs. Mackay allows herself 104 new dresses a year.

Miss Della Beck, of Apollo, Pa., weighs 420 pounds. She is only 16 years old.

A Parisian genius has invented an "optometer" which will "detect a woman's age."

Small pearl or scallop shells, containing little silver crabs, make very pretty breast-pins.

It is said that it is growing to be considered prudish for a New York girl to refuse a cigarette after dinner.

Never have dark furniture in the kitchen; it shows dust much more than light, and requires double the care.

Old fashioned "tatting" is said to have taken the place of other forms of fancy work on some summer hotel piazzas.

"What are the wild waves saying, sister?" They would sometimes say, "Put on more clothes," if they could talk.

To stop the bleeding of a wound set a mass of woollen rags on fire, and hold the afflicted part over them in the smoke.

Annie Mercer, of Missaukee county, Mich., promises to become a giantess. She is only in her 12th year and yet she is a trifle over six feet in stature.

A member of the Poughkeepsie Salvation Army went through the streets there on a recent Sunday with the star spangled banner wrapped around her.

Dry salt applied every day and brushed into the roots will make the hair silky and cause it to grow. Do not continue but a year or two at longest, as it is a strong tonic.

Some of the expedients for making a living are original. A lady makes it known that she undertakes economical shopping at 5 per cent. commission, which carries expenses.

Frances Galton, the well known woman doctress, who has been studying the laws of heredity in regard to temper, finds that there is a greater proportion of good tempered people among women than among men.

Authorities differ on this question, but we know of no appeal to human sympathy which is more pathetic than that presented by the average "best girl" as she appears emerging flat and dripping from the water.

Barn dances are popular with the guests at country resorts in Orange and Sullivan counties New York. The dancers dress in fancy costumes, and the effect is said to be quite picturesque, the barns being lighted up with wax candles.

The oldest Scandinavian laws punished the murder of a humble maiden more than that of a chief. The weaker sex was protected in innumerable ways; and even a simple kiss forced upon a maiden was punished with fine or exile.

The form that is still preserved for posterity on the copper coinage of England, where the armed Britannia sits and rules the waves with her long trident, is no other than the presentment of the fair Stuart, one of King Charles I's mistresses.

The Duchess of Cleveland, a New York paper says, has set the fashion in London of carrying an open parasol when riding on horseback. As the Duchess is close on 80 years of age and a confirmed invalid, there can not be much truth in the statement.

The ladies of ancient times made a bath of milk. Elder beauties bathed in wine, to get rid of their wrinkles; and perhaps not without reason, wine being a great astringent. Unwrinkled beauties bathed in milk, to preserve the softness and smoothness of the skin.

A one-legged beggar of St. Louis became so urgent in his requests for aid that he was arrested the other day. When the police searched him they found fifteen tobacco bags in his pockets and sewed to his ragged clothes, and each bag contained some money. The total amount was $71.12.

"Terrible storm that, last evening, George." "Didn't hear it, old man." "Didn't hear it? Man alive, it thundered 6t to wake the dead!" "Ha, I thought I saw lightning, but I didn't hear any thunder. An old schoolmate of my wife's is visiting her and they haven't seen each other for ten years."

"My dear," said he to his lady love, "I've been busy all day; not manual labor, you know, but brain work, which is the hardest kind." "Yes, indeed; I know it must be for you," and there was a look of tender sympathy in her eyes which aroused him. She was quite in earnest. He changed the subject.

The scrub girl, whose duties are to rise with the sun and clean the hotel office and parlors on top of Mount Washington, was for ten years a teacher in the public schools in England. She is a good musician and an excellent scholar in the languages. French and Latin books are her constant companions when off duty.

It is said that nearly all the women of the Salvation Army have a heart worked in India ink upon the right shoulder. In case any one of them is taken sick or dies away from home, or in a foreign country, the sign of the heart will entitle her to care or a suitable burial at the expense of the organization, no matter whether she is or is not in good standing.

She was "true till death," which is a good deal more than can be said for the vast majority of the sex. Miss Mathilda Johannsen lately died at Hallingdam, aged 105. The poor creature was engaged in 1798 to a young officer who died shortly afterwards. This irreparable loss so preyed on her mind that she succumbed to her grief 88 years after the event.

The Turkish woman is superstitious in the extreme. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather, which encloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill-luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, or even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.

Masculinities.

Girls under 16 are not permitted to peddle or beg in Massachusetts.

When a man buys a porous plaster he generally sticks to his bargain.

It is a peculiar thing that there are so few fat villains in history or romance.

He is young enough who has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.

The hardest trial of the heart is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

A woman always looks under the bed for a man. A man goes out between acts to look for him.

It is sometimes hard to tell where business sagacity leaves off and downright rascality begins.

Miss Ellis, the American physician, gets $18,000 a year for looking after the physical condition of the Queen of Corea.

There is a man in Harrisburg so short that when he is ill he doesn't know whether he has the headache or corns.

A Belgian inventor is credited with having invented a piano, which prints legibly and completely all that is played upon it.

A woman in the Salt Rock Valley (Arizona), who was shot at has had the bullet mounted in gold and wears it as a breastpin.

At an introduction in Buffalo a few days ago a curious coincidence occurred. Said the mutual friend: "Miss Cummings—Mr. Goings."

Formerly, in many German cities, the bankrupt merchant, as a sign of his condition, was compelled to wear a straw hat for a year and a day.

Some men are, in regard to ridicule, like tin-roofed buildings in regard to hail: all that hits them bounds rattling off, not a stone goes through.

Do not get too deeply in debt, but so manage always, if possible, to have your financial position easy, so that you can turn any way you please.

A pitchfork carried over the shoulder of William Castleman, of Gloversville, N. Y., during a thunderstorm, drew the lightning and cost him his life.

Colonel Perkins, the oldest inhabitant of Norwich, Conn., expects to see 100 years—"for," he remarks slyly, "very few people die at just 99 years."

She—Are you going to the picnic on Tuesday, George? He—Oh, yes. She (with feeble indifference)—Alone, George. He—No; I shall take an umbrella.

Private (arm in arm with his sweetheart, meets his Sergeant in the garden of a restaurant)—"Sergeant, my sister." Sergeant—"I know; she was mine once."

Corliss, the great engine-builder, made no attempt at invention until he was 35 years old. His first effort in this line was a machine for sewing shoes, which was a failure.

Conceit is shown in many ways. "The sun rises in the East where I live," says Boston. Hoosier responds: "But it don't stay there long: it goes out West right away."

A neat proposal of marriage was made by a South Camden man the other night, who said: "Now, my dear, you say you have $20,000 in your own name; why not put it in mine?"

John H. Craig, of Franklin county, Ky., claims to be the great-grandson of the first governor of Vermont, which does not make him half so conspicuous as the fact that he weighs 800 pounds.

A Chicago man has patented a "lover's coat," which fills a long felt want. This invention consists of a novel attachment which prevents face powder and hair from sticking to the coat collar.

"Oh, I'm just crazy to go the seashore!" said the Chicago maiden, who didn't know an ocean from a hydrant. "It must be lovely sitting under the beach trees listening to the roar of the waves."

A Connecticut woman, 62 years old, is seeking a divorce from her 23-year-old husband. He married her for her money, and now treats her with cruelty and neglect. Herein is a warning for elderly women of means.

The Primrose League of England has a rival in the Daisy League of Ireland. The motto of the latter is "Faith, Hope and Charity," and its object is "the promotion of woman's rights and Home Rule for Ireland."

"Title of prince, 75,000 francs; duke, 50,000 francs; count, 25,000 francs; baron, 10,000 francs. All warranted, and in good form." So runs an Italian circular, which is being largely put about. American buyers are especially sought.

Bees are said to have such an antipathy to dark-colored objects that black chickens have been stung to death, while the white ones of the same brood were untouched; and a man in a black hat is rarely stung, on account of the attention the bees give to the hat.

If you should have hiccough try one of the following remedies, every one of which is vouched for by different authorities: Slightly refrigerate the lobe of the ear; clasp the hands with arms raised above the head; press the finger each side under the ear, near jawbone; inhale chloroform until relieved.

The time of year is come when it is the fashion to be sunburned, and the girl most sunburned lays claim to the greatest distinction. It has leaked out, however, that in some cases the coat of tan is not legitimate, but is due to a compound made by a shrewd and ingenious chemist. He is getting rich, too, they say.

An old grandma with a small boy boarded a street car the other day, and the conductor rang the register twice. "What's that for?" she asked. "That's 2 o'clock," answered the boy. In a minute or two another passenger got on, and again the register rang. "Three o'clock!" exclaimed the old lady, as she bobbed around on her seat; "my stars! how time does fly in a city!"

Recent Book Issues.

We can particularly commend on all grounds, for primary, intermediate and grammar school purposes the series of readers published under the same headings, by the Interstate Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Nothing better for cheapness, freshness, interest of matter, excellence of printing and illustration, with general convenience, is extant. The three series are published as monthlies.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have issued a new novel by Mrs. John H. Kinzie, author of "Wau-Bun," "Walter Ogilby," etc., entitled "Mark Logan, the Bourgeois." It is a deeply interesting story of frontier life in Michigan over half a century ago, full of stirring incidents and fine local and character sketching. It is a neat volume of 376 pages, in paper covers. Price, 50 cents. The same house has just issued a new novel by the ever bright and sparkling "Duchess," author of "Molly Bawn," "Lady Valworth's Diamonds," etc.," entitled "A Modern Circe," which is fully up to the author's standard in interest and attractiveness. Bound in covers for 50 cents.

"Romantic Love and Personal Beauty: their Development, Casual Relations, Historic and National Peculiarities," by Henry T. Finck, contains a vast amount of highly entertaining reading, showing wide research and industrious compilation. The author had a theory to evolve, and this theory led him to attempt to make a distinction between ancient and modern love; in fact, to insist with a considerable obstinacy that love as we understand it was unknown to the ancients. But though his arguments are not tenable, his book is none the less interesting and edifying. It overflows with curious and useful information, is uncommonly pleasant and attractive in the perusal, is brightly and spiritedly written, and wherever opened presents some fact or reflection that attracts the attention and amuses or instructs. It is unique in its way, and deals with love in a more comprehensive and practical manner and with greater exhaustiveness than were ever before brought to bear upon the subject, providing a large share of pleasant entertainment for readers of every degree. Published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $2.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for September presents the usual variety of Sunday reading. It opens with an account of "Fulneck and the Moravians," which is very prettily illustrated. Then comes the continuation of that attractive serial, "My Brother Basil." This is followed by a pathetic little poem, "A Child's Tear." The Dean of Canterbury tells "How God Preserved the Bible," and Sophia M. Palmer describes "Jerusalem as it is." There is an unusual amount of fiction, but the Bible lessons are not lost sight of. A striking paper is on "Flower Teachings." Such a *Quiver* full of short arrows we have seldom seen. Poetry, pictures and music go to make up the contents of this remarkable magazine, the circulation of which covers every quarter of the globe. Cassell & Co., New York. 15 cents a number; $1.50 a year in advance.

The article of most interest to the general reader in the September number of the *Magazine of Art*, is the finely illustrated one describing the home of the famous journalist, Geo. Augustus Sala, 46 Mecklenburgh Square, London. Mr. Sala lives in a style quite unusual for a journalist, and is surrounded by pictures and bric-a-brac galore. Following this is a paper on "Nature in the Louvre," by Richard Jeffries. Mr. Jeffries seems quite as much at home in writing of nature in art, as of the nature found in the fields. The third paper on "Current Art" is not a bit behind its fellows, and is a valuable contribution to the year's record. Art lovers will be interested in the papers on the "Reproduction of the Bayeux Tapestry in Fac-simile," and every one will enjoy the description of Tewkesbury, in the paper on "An Old English Town." The second paper on "The Salon," will prove almost as enjoyable as a visit to the French Exhibition. Cassell & Co., New York. Price, 35 cents a number.

Cassell's Family Magazine this month opens with a new serial, "A Treacherous Calm," by Thomas Keyworth, which begins attractively. This is followed by a practical paper called "For a Rainy Day," which shows how one may save if he tries. Romance follows close upon this bit of reality, then more reality in the prize paper on "The Improvement of Domestic Service in America," by Sarah S. Goodhue. This writer urges every woman to do her best toward the cultivation of better servants. An interesting paper is an interview with Miss Rye on "The Emigration of Young Girls." Indeed, the woman question in one way or another seems to be uppermost in this number, for following this paper is "A Man's Thoughts About Women," by Prof. J. Stuart Blackie. The "Fashion Letters" from London and Paris are as full of hints as usual, and there will be found plenty of poetry and pictures. Cassell & Company, New York. 15 cents a number.

On Sunday last, shortly after the service began, the bulk of the congregation in one of our village churches was startled with the click as of a pistol snapping, but on looking towards where the sound came, were relieved on observing nothing more deadly than an umbrella erected by a lady to keep off the sun.

Brave Katie.

BY MRS. DAVID KER.

THE Hudson family had nearly finished breakfast when Katie, the little nurse-girl, brought Baby Daisy, fresh and rosy, and placed her in her high chair by mamma's side.

She tied the bib securely, filled the silver mug with milk, and brought from the kitchen the dish of oatmeal that baby liked so well. She lingered a little to hear what Mr. Hudson was saying about Mr. Shandley, who lived next door to her mother. She knew he was driver on the night express that often awoke her with its shrill whistle, and when Mr. Hudson called him a brave man she felt pride in her acquaintance with Teddy and Mary Shandley.

"He saved scores of lives by his presence of mind last night," she heard Mr. Hudson say, as she lingered at the door a moment. "I wonder what's presence of mind," thought Katie; "it must be something grand to have."

When breakfast was over she went to the sitting-room to prepare Daisy for her morning ride.

Just as she entered the room Georgie said—

"Mamma, papa said the driver showed great presence of mind last night. What is presence of mind?"

"I can tell you," replied Harry; "it's thinking quick, and acting in a hurry. To illustrate; I see your clothes on fire, and I rush upon you so, and roll you in a rug in this way!"—suiting the action to the word.

"Sto-o-p!" cried Georgie, struggling to escape. "Let me alone!"

"Not until every spark of the fire is out!" replied Harry, as he rolled him over again.

In the rough play that followed, Georgie quite forgot the subject in which he had for a moment been interested, and Mrs. Hudson found no opportunity to add to Harry's explanation.

Katie heard Georgie's question and Harry's reply. She watched the boys for a moment in their noisy frolic, and then fastened Daisy's plush cloak under the dimpled chin, tied on the delicate lace cap, held up the rosy face for mamma's good-bye kiss, and carried her little charge to the dainty carriage at the side door, thinking all the time of the driver's presence of mind and of Harry's definition.

"I know what it is, Daisy," she said, as she tucked in the scarlet Afghan that Grandma Hunt had made so beautiful with embroidery and fringe,—"I know what it is, pet. It's just as Harry says. If I should see the house on fire and should snatch you out of your little cradle all rolled up in a blanket, and run through the fire and smoke to Grandma Hunt's house, they'd say Katie Duncan had presence of mind. I'd do it, darlin'. Don't you know I'd save my precious 'little pet?"

"Coo, coo," answered Daisy, as well as she could with two fingers in her mouth.

Katie had now reached the principal street, and was trundling the carriage sedately along, talking to the baby in the cheerful way that brought smiles and dimples to the sweet face.

"No, no, pet, you mustn't put grandma's blanket in your little mouth," she said, stopping the carriage to tuck it in more securely.

A wild shout caused her to look around, and for a moment her heart seemed to stop its beating. Only a short distance away, a cow, broken loose from its owner, with a stout rope dragging at her side, came plunging with threatening horns directed towards the precious baby.

Katie had lived on a farm, and knowing the habits of animals, recognized at once the point of attack. The red carriage robe had caught the attention of the excited animal, and the baby was under the robe.

As quick as thought Katie seized it, and, waving it above her head, ran to the other side of the street. Only once she looked back, and saw that the course of the animal had changed; then she heard the clatter of hoofs coming nearer, and knew that the spreading horns of the enraged creature were close behind her. She could go no farther, and, throwing the robe as far from her as possible, fell fainting to the ground.

The animal caught it as it fell, trampled it with its feet, tossed it high with its horns, tearing the pretty embroidery, and staining the delicate colors; but Katie did not see it.

Kind hands removed the frightened baby from the carriage, and carried her home; but Katie was deaf to the cry of her darling. The cow was secured while engaged with the robe, but Katie saw not the frantic efforts to escape, nor heard the angry mutterings. When at last she opened her eyes in Mrs. Hudson's room, her first question was for Daisy.

"Safe and sound," said Mrs. Hudson, bringing the rosy face, still wet with tears, close to Katie's own.

"Where is the blanket?" was the next eager question.

"Never mind the carriage-rug, my dear child," said Mrs. Hudson. "How could you think to do such a brave thing?" she asked, as she pressed the baby closer.

"Harry said, 'Think quick and act in a hurry,'" replied Katie faintly; "but I hadn't time to think."

"'Hadn't time to think!'" repeated Mrs. Hudson. "The wisest head in the world could not have done better. I saw it all, Katie. How can I thank you for saving my baby?"

And, with a flood of tears, Mrs. Hudson tenderly kissed the pale face of the nurse girl.

"Hurrah for Katie!" shouted Harry, who until now had stood regarding her with profound astonishment. "A boy couldn't have done better; but you are indebted to me for an idea—aren't you? The masculine mind is the original, after all."

"Georgie, Katie has answered your question," said Mrs. Hudson; and when she pictured the consequences that would have followed a different course of action on Katie's part, Georgie had no difficulty in understanding the desirableness of cultivating habits of decision and promptness that, brought into exercise, people are wont to call presence of mind.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

IN THE late Lord Lytton's excellent comedy, "Money," Sir John Vesey, after impressing on his daughter's mind his conviction that "men are valued not for what they are, but for what they seem to be," cites his own example, as follows, by way of illustration:

"My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of four hundred pounds a year; on the strength of four hundred pounds a year I took credit for eight hundred pounds; on the strength of eight hundred pounds a year I married your mother with ten thousand pounds; on the strength of ten thousand pounds I took credit for forty thousand pounds, and paid Dicky Gossip three guineas a week to go about everywhere calling me 'Stingy Jack.'"

This very candid disclosure at once sets the speaker before us in his true light—namely that of a humbug sailing under false colors, and deserving credit, in his own eyes, for successfully throwing dust into those of his neighbors.

Were we gifted with the Asmodean faculty of seeing things as they really are, and of correctly interpreting the motives and actions of our fellow creatures, how many Sir John Veseys should we find, whose sole aim in life is to keep up appearances.

Some years ago, a young Boulevard exquisite of moderate means and parsimonious habits, whom we will call M. Jules, announced to a few of his intimates, not a little to their astonishment, his intention of realizing during the ensuing summer months a long cherished project of visiting Switzerland and the Italian lakes. To his particular friend Agenor he was still more communicative.

"You shall hear from me frequently," he said. "To save postage, I may as well send the letters under cover to my notary, with whom I shall be in correspondence, and he will forward them on to you. If they amuse you, I give you leave to show them to the other fellows at the club."

"All right," replied Agenor; "when do you start?"

"To-morrow."

"Adieu, then, and bon voyage."

On the following evening, true to his word, M. Jules began his journey; but not exactly in the direction indicated by the Guide Book.

Instead of taking the train, he merely hailed a fiacre; and, depositing himself and a well-worn valise therein, bade the driver proceed along the quay to that quasi-suburban locality called Gros-Caillou, where, within a few doors of the establishment exclusively authorized to supply the wants of the smoking community, he had secured two rooms at the very reasonable rate of fifty francs a month.

Some three weeks later, his friend Agenor, thoroughly Parisian in his habits and whose absences from his beloved boulevard were limited to occasional excursions to St. Germain, received from the supposed tourist a lengthy epistle, dated from Chamounix, but bearing the ordinary Paris postmark, and describing in highly picturesque language the experiences and adventures of the writer.

According to his account, he had met with several most agreeable traveling companions, among whom an adorable English "miss" was particularly and mysteriously alluded to, inheritress of an enormous fortune, and—if Agenor's correspondent might be credited—by no means indisposed to accept his homage.

This missive was followed by a second from Como, and a third from Baveno, couched in the same ultra-poetic style, but ambiguously hinting that the inconstant M. Jules had successively and unaccountably transferred his allegiance from the Britannic heiress to a Belgian Countess and a Florentine Marchesa.

In short, by the time that the first detachment of clubmen had returned to their smoking-room and baccarat, at least half-a-dozen letters had found their way to Agenor's bachelor apartment in the Rue Godot.

What the recipient thought of them it would be premature to say; but the way in which his colleagues of the Cercle des Moutards literally screamed with laughter on listening to certain extracts from them would probably have more astonished than flattered the ingenious narrator.

Early in September the first autumnal gathering on the Longchamps racecourse beheld Agenor at his accustomed post on the grass-plot. He had not been long there before he heard himself accosted by name, and, turning, perceived M. Jules advancing towards him with his usual jaunty and self-confident air.

"Well, here I am again!" began the soi-disant Helvetian explorer; "none the worse for my trip, you see; a little change does a man a world of good. You got my letters, of course?"

"Oh yes," said Agenor, in a somewhat constrained tone; "I got them."

"Graphic, were they not? I felt sure they would interest you. So I may congratulate myself that you are satisfied?"

"Not quite," dryly remarked the other. "You owe me fifty francs."

"Fifty francs! What for?"

"For your last month's rent of the rooms at Gros-Caillou"—here M. Jules's countenance suddenly fell, and assumed an unmistakably cadaverous hue—"which, doubtless in the hurry of moving, you have forgotten to pay."

"How on earth did you find out?" stammered M. Jules.

"No very difficult matter," replied Agenor, "considering that the house in question happens to be my property—a fact of which you were apparently unaware. So, my good fellow, as in these bad times we poor landlords are dependent for subsistence on our lodgers, and can't afford to indulge in such luxuries as Swiss tours and flirtations with Countesses, you will infinitely oblige me by handing over the money."

A compatriot of M. Jules, even less favored by fortune than that worthy, devised the following very harmless method of satisfying his craving for a little temporary notoriety:

In the days when the Cafe de Paris still existed, he would occasionally enter the renowned temple of gastronomy—or the Maison Dorée, by way of variety—at the fashionable dinner hour, and enquire of the head-waiter, in a sufficiently audible voice to attract the attention of all present, if some apocryphal Count or Marquis had already arrived.

On receiving, as was natural enough, an answer in the negative, he would express his astonishment and finally retire, remaining for some moments on the steps of the establishment in full view of the passers-by, flourishing his toothpick with the air of a man who had dined well.

When he judged that he had properly asserted his social position, he would quietly cross the boulevard, and, repairing to one of the cheap restaurants in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, absorb, with an enviable relish, the inscrutable dainties prepared there, with the proud consciousness of having done his duty. A. G. R.

WASHING HELPS.—Lately we have tried putting a little kerosene in the water when the white clothes are soaked over night, and it acts like a charm. At first I thought it might have an unpleasant smell, but such is not the case. The rinsing has a great deal to do with the clear look of the clothes. Hard water is best for this purpose, and only a little bluing is to be allowed. The chief thing is to get all the suds out of the articles. Colored fabrics should be washed for the first time in salt and water. If the colors are delicate, the goods should be washed, rinsed, starched, and well shaken out, then at once hung on the lines. It is always better to fold the clothes the night before ironing; it seems to help the smoothing process.

A great help to washing day is a mangle, and that family is fortunate who possess this very useful help. Here, again, kerosene comes in to assist in laundry work, a spoonful mixed in the starch being one of the aids to polishing not always known. Sufficient attention is not given to sorting and soaking white clothes, and sometimes the quality of soap makes a great difference, and this can be discovered only by a fair trial. Anything that helps to make washing day easy is to be done. And of all the ingredients used as a washing fluid, I prefer plain borax that can be used without injury to fabrics or to the hands of the laundry maid. M. S.

A SCOTCH gardener, hearing that his mistress had a baby, inquired of the nurse, "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" "A laddie," was the answer. "Weel," said he, "I'm recht glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Heck, man," was the reply, "did ye no ken there's aye maist sown of the best crap?" This settlement of a vexed question is, I think, unanswerable, and we will abide by it.

WANAMAKER'S

In all the world no store so big as WANAMAKER'S; in all America no Dry Goods business so great. Having the best thing at the least price is what has done it.

SCOTCH GINGHAMS.

Wicks, in Stripes and Plaids, were 40 now 30c.
Cords, a quieter pretty, 25c.
Twilled Zephyr, looks like worsted, 30 inch, 30c.
Lace Zephyrs, genuine Whitlaws, were 50, now 37½c.
Cheviots, for Dresses or for Shirting, 32 inch, 30c.

ALL WOOLS.

Sanglier, (Foule Canvas) cream and black, 38 inch, 25c.
Sateen Barber, in dark colors, only 50c.
Pongee Mohair, for traveling dresses, 50c.
Cloth for Riding Habits, 54 inch, 85c. to $3.00.
Camel's Hair, 42 inch, with side bands of contrasting colors, was 75, 65, then 50, now 37½c.

Check Canvas Tennis Shoes, high cut, $1.25; low cut, $1.
Straw Slippers, cool, dainty, $1.50.
Black Serpey Bathing Stockings, canvas covered cork soles, $1.35.
Bathing Hats and Caps, 20 to 35c.

Send a letter for what you want, you'll likely do as well as if you came yourself.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Humorous.

TIT FOR TAT.

We both sought the hand of the selfsame girl
As a great matrimonial prize,
And soon with success my poor head was awhirl,
While my hopes soared as high as the skies.

He called the same night that we plighted each vow,
And pleaded, in vain, with a vim,
And, as he departed with care-furrowed brow,
I then had the laugh on him.

We've been married five years, and I say with a sigh
That his was the fortunate part,
For a pig in a poke we oft seek to buy
When we bid for another's heart.

But the bitterest pang of all is to feel
My rival my sorrow can see;
And this thought cuts into my heart like steel,
He now has the laugh on me!

—M. L. Barone.

A business that is looking up—The astronomer's.

The point of the hornet is generally well given, if not well taken.

In business circles a well-known girl of the period is Em-bezzel.

"Born to blush unseen"—The young lady of African parentage.

A school-teacher's switch should be a whalebone, of course. It makes the boys blubber.

There is no use crying over spilled milk. It may be three parts water.

Philosophy of the understanding—Nothing tries the soul of a man more than a shoe-peg.

Another bank president has gone wrong. He changed cars when half way to Canada and was hauled back again.

In a restaurant, Cincinnati—Stranger: "I say, waiter, can I get such a thing as a pork chop in this city?" Waiter falls dead.

"My wife's funeral cost me a goodly sum of money," sighed a disconsolate widower, "but I have never regretted the expense."

New Jersey people quote Scripture with variations something like "goeth around like a mosquito seeking whom he may devour."

A writer on political economy says: "It's the little leaks that tell." Yes, indeed; a little leak will give you away as fast as an overgrown onion.

Magistrate: "It's $10 or thirty days, Uncle Rastus; you can take your choice." Uncle Rastus, after some contemplation: "Well, yo' kin gimme de money, sah."

Ada—"Why, one of your cheeks is red as fire and the other as pale as a ghost." Ella—"Yes, Harry was on one side and I was afraid mamma would see us on the other."

A young man named Darling lives in Bridgeport, and when any one calls to him in the street every young lady near blushes and looks around, gently saying, "Oh, sir!"

Domestic: "What will I get for breakfast? There isn't a bit of bread in the house." Mrs. Young-wife: "Dear, dear! That is too bad. I suppose you had better have toast."

The wise men tell us that the whale lives about four hundred years. A whale would be a good thing for him to buy who hated to part with a pet after he becomes attached to it.

Detective: "I say, you called me a lynx-eyed detective in your paper to-day!" Reporter: "Yes, sir, I did." Detective: "Well, I want you to correct it. I'm no more lynx-eyed than you are!"

A little boy, while playing, fell down the steps and hurt himself severely. His mother scolded him for his carelessness, and he sobbed out: "Mamma, please don't scold me till I get through hurting."

A Boston paper says that Maine is a good state for bears, but when it goes on to say that 200 of the animals were killed there last year, we come to the conclusion that it has a poor appreciation of what bears like.

Tom and Arthur have been rude to their mamma. Mamma has complained to papa, who is heard coming upstairs. Arthur: "I say, Tom, here comes papa; I shall pretend to be asleep." Tom: "I shan't; I shall get up and put some of my heavy clothes on!"

It has been noticed that a girl who has graduated from Vassar and had $25,000 spent on her education will, after marriage, hold clothes-pins in her mouth and gossip over the back fence while hanging out the washing, just like other women. You can't change a woman's nature.

Men will hurry and rush and risk their lives to get across the street in front of a passing car, and then stand five minutes idly on the curb-stone vainly trying to impress a pretty girl, who was married five years ago, and who wouldn't look at them even if they were gold plated and set with diamonds.

Two countrymen came to a lawyer to consult about bringing a joint suit against a neighbor. The first began to tell the lawyer the cause of the trouble, embellishing it very liberally. "Don't tell him any lies, Bill," interrupted the other. "It is his business to tell the lies. You will get him confused if you go to mixing your lies with his."

A young man at college wrote as follows to his father: "My dear father, I have only time—being greatly rushed with my studies—to send my love and tell you that I wish you would send me $50." The father replied: "My dear son, I have only time—being greatly rushed with my hay—to send love and tell you that I have not sent you $50."

Our food is poisoned, our drink is poisoned, and recently a New York artist and author complained that he had been poisoned by a five dollar suit of clothes. It looks as if the time had arrived when a man, in order to save his life, would have to stop eating, drinking and wearing clothes. The new departure would seem strange for a while, but a man would get used to it if he lived long enough.

WIFE-SELLING IN ENGLAND.

In a recent book on the progress of women are given the following clippings from newspapers, showing the status of the sex in the olden time:—

Morning Herald, March 11, 1802.—On the eleventh of last month, a person sold at the market cross in Chapel en le Frith a wife, child, and as much furniture as would set up a beggar for eleven shillings.

Morning Herald, April 16, 1802—A butcher sold his wife by auction at the last market day at Hereford. The lot brought one pound, four shillings, and a bowl of punch.

Annual Register, Feb. 14, 1806.—A man named John Gasthorpe exposed his wife for sale in the market at Hull about one o'clock, but owing to the crowd which such an extraordinary occurrence had brought, he was obliged to defer the sale and take her away about four o'clock. However he again brought her out, and she was sold for twenty guineas and delivered, with a halter, to a person named Housman, who had lodged with them for five years.

Morning Post, Oct. 10, 1807.—One of those disgraceful scenes which have of late become too frequent took place on Friday se'nnight at Knaresborough. Owing to some jealousy or other family difference, a man brought his wife, equipped in the usual style, and sold her for sixpence and a quid of tobacco.

In the Doncaster Gazette of March 25th, 1803, a sale is thus described:

A fellow sold his wife as a cow in Sheffield market-place a few days ago. The lady was put into the hands of a butcher, who held her by the halter fastened round her waist.

"What do you ask for your cow?" said a bystander.

"A guinea!" replied the husband.

"Done!" cried the other; and immediately he led away his bargain.

We understand that the purchaser and his cow live very happily together.

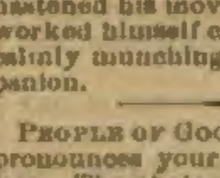
A Sociable Horse.—A farmer having more horses than his normal amount of stabling would accommodate, put up two of them in an old hovel, temporarily divided into two compartments by three bars of wood stretching from side to side. One of these beasts, an iron-gray colt, was found every morning in the same compartment as its fellow, and for a long time the manner in which he got from his own to his neighbor's stall remained a mystery. One morning, however, he was found by the coachman, who happened to look into the hovel rather earlier than usual, lying on his side under the lowest of the three bars, with half his body on one side and half on the other, vigorously "scratching himself through," as the coachman expressed it. A few shouts hastened his movements, and he quickly worked himself clean through, and began calmly munching by the side of his companion.

People of Good Taste.—The man who pronounces your dinner absolutely faultless. The photographer who says you are really one of the finest subjects he ever had. The visitor who remarks that your boy is the handsomest little fellow he ever saw, and that he bears a striking resemblance to you. The acquaintance who regrets that he has not your exquisite artistic taste. The individual who always laughs vociferously at your puns. The tailor who says it is a pleasure to make a suit for a man with a figure like yours. The lady whom you overhear whisper to a friend that you are the handsomest man she knows.

The object of Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, in making a pet of a tiger cat has been made public. It is announced in the Parisian papers that the tiger is a most intelligent animal and has learned to tell a creditor as soon as it sees one. It is further remarked that the tiger is generally at large in Mme. Bernhardt's drawing-room.

A curiosity in New York is a corner dwelling-house on Lexington avenue standing on a lot 5 by 102 feet; the house measures inside but four feet wide, and yet they have contrived to construct two tenements in the narrow quarters.

HUMPHREYS'



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HOMEOPATHIC

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Suffering Womanhood.

Too much effort cannot be made to bring to the attention of suffering womanhood the great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the diseases of women. Such an one is the wife of General Barringer, of Winston, N. C., and we quote from the General's letter as follows: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Please allow me to add my testimony to the most excellent medicinal qualities of your Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Barringer was treated for several years for what the physician called Leucorrhœa and Prolapsus Uteri combined. I sent her to Richmond, Va., where she remained for six months under the treatment of an eminent physician without any permanent benefit. She was induced to try your medicine, and after a reasonable time commenced to improve, and is now able to attend to her business and considers herself *fully relieved.*" [General Barringer is the proprietor of the American Hotel, Winston, N. C., and is widely known.]

Know all men
Ye Prickly Sorique
Cures
Cuts · Burns
Bruises · Sprains
Bites & Wounds
OF ALL KINDS
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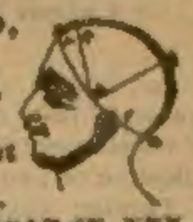

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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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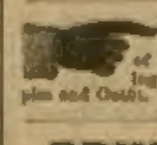
PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No suppository. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.



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It will *immediately* obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

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Depot 39 Barclay St., N. Y.

WHITE LILAC SOAP

The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

Laird's White Lilac Toilet Soap is *refreshing* and *soothing* to the skin, leaving it beautifully *clear soft* and *smooth*.

Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANS ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

An artistic dress recently sent to the Queen of Italy deserves mention. It was of reseda peau de soie, enriched with an application of exquisite embroidery cut from a Persian shawl. The overdress was of India cashmere of the same color, caught up on one side with a Persian clasp, on the other draped au panier to show the embroidery. The bodice was of reseda velvet, laced over a vest of the embroidery.

A novel form of entertainment for Paris are lawn-tennis parties in the suburbs. The garden of a cafe is hired, the fence is set up, and the party goes out by train or in carriages, the implements having been conveyed with the materials for lunch. The toilettes of the ladies are always simple but with a touch of coquetry. Figured chales trimmed with butterfly bows over a cream or red skirt; or wash dresses are employed trimmed with embroidery, accompanied by hats of fantastic straw mounted literally with bows, and parasols of striped or combined cotton matching the dress.

The most fashionable of amusements this summer is yachting, and the numerous shipwrecks which marked the beginning of the season have in no wise cooled the enthusiasm of those who love to sail on the blue waters under sunny skies. Yachting toilets are therefore quite the order of the day, and a subject of too deep an interest to our fair readers for us to neglect.

The difficulty in composing a costume of this style is to avoid falling into undue eccentricity. The usual thing is to wear the sailor costume with either the jacket or redingote, according to the weather, and the yachting hat of fancy straw, with the long blue gauze veil covering head and face.

But there are prettier models, more novel, and with a dash of fancy tempered by good taste. For instance, a skirt of white vigogne, trimmed with wide navy-blue worsted galoon. The tunic of the same vigogne, is simply draped; on the right it leaves the skirt uncovered very high up, and is trimmed with a revers of blue serge. The jacket is white, with large buttons of blue passementerie. It opens over a chemisette of blue serge, and is tied across with ribbons of blue moire, upon which is inscribed the name of the yacht. The costume is completed by a white serge cap, with flat brim, and a blue band around the crown. It is pretty and comfortable, and uncommon, without eccentricity.

Another is of blue serge. The skirt plaited without any drapery, opens on the left side over a panel of white and blue striped fancy woolen material cut on the cross. Blue jacket over a striped chemisette cut on the straight; short striped tabs over the shoulders. Instead of buttons, large circles as big as a silver quarter are made of white braid twisted around and around. There are two rows of those, one on each side. The head-gear is a white cloth cap with broad cloth brim edged with braid and a wide fancy galloon round the crown.

Of course, these costumes, specially composed for yachting, can also be worn as toilettes for the beach. The same may be said for croquet or lawn-tennis dresses. For these white woolen materials are preferred, a plaited skirt and a jacket, or chemise-russe.

For lawn-tennis we have noticed a tunic of buff net-work, very prettily draped over a skirt of Havana cloth. At the foot of the skirt a band of buff cloth is embroidered with the emblems of tennis, balls and battledores. By way of ornament to the cap and tunic, grelot fringes of the color of the balls.

Caps are very fashionable this summer for the seaside. As for the yachting hat it is still worn, but it is more elegant and less masculine-looking than it has been for the last few years. It is generally made of fancy rough-and-ready straw, trimmed with a cluster of either plain or checked ribbon, for there is a perfect furore for checks just now.

For dresses soft, quiet tints are selected; but for hats brighter colors, large checks in red, green, yellow and blue are boldly adopted; they look very gay and pretty, but we very much prefer ribbons to Madras handkerchiefs.

Toquets are made of brown or black rough-and-ready straw, with brim turned up Bolero fashion. The whole crown is covered with wide check ribbon, nicely draped. In front there are loops and ends, on one side is often placed a handsome black bird with outstretched wings.

A great novelty in hat trimmings is the tuft of cock's feathers in bluish green tints, bright and shining, recalling the cap of the inmates of the Military School of St. Cyr. These are also made of fancy feathers. They are combined with ribbon or lace, and form very pretty trimmings.

Woolen costumes are very tastefully trimmed with fancy galloons, varying in width from one to three inches. This galloon is of different stripes. One of the prettiest is a light texture of woolen threads and metallic ones, steel, gold, silver, bronze, etc. Steel is mostly preferred.

Other galloons are of mohair or velvet, plain or embroidered, or beaded. The wider ones are put on singly around the edge of the skirt, the narrow ones in series of three or five rows, and the narrowest trim bodices, vests, chemisettes and the shoulder pieces of blouse dresses, so charming to wear in hot weather.

A very pretty dress for a young girl is of plaid surah and lace, made with plain skirt in side plaits; polonaise body with plain sleeves; vest of lace that extends around on right side to form a full sash drapery; also a neat, plain collar with a clasp.

A dress of cashmere has a box-plaited skirt, draped front and full waist with plaited vest; sleeves full to elbow, plain below; round collar. Bows at point of waist and at the back.

A blouse dress of serge has rows of buttons down the front, wide hood collar, plain, straight standing collar, full sleeves gathered into plain cuffs.

A small girl's dress of cashmere has a plain skirt and a half-fitting waist, with rows of narrow braid on collar, front and full sleeves. Knotted sash of surah with tassel ends.

Another dress of serge has a side-plaited skirt with draped back; cloth jacket with turn-over collar and lapels, plain linen collar and chemisette.

A very stylish dress for a little girl is of plain and striped surah. Skirt and full-length front of plain goods in side plaits; coat body, with wide revers of striped goods, and plain sleeves with wide cuffs of striped silk; plain collar and shirred yoke; a ribbon belt crosses the front over the long plaited waist, and is tied in a bow at one side.

Another very stylish dress is of faille, brocade and lace. Long princess body of faille with double fronts, the outer of faille cut in a curved point, the inner of brocade; cutaway front, the body buttoning over a jabot of lace; front and sides of skirt of lace flouncing, collar of folds of the brocade.

In a young girl's dress of plain and fancy striped silk the lower skirt has stripes so set as to make two flounces; full drapery, the back having a stripe down the edge as trimming; plain coat body over full vest, with stripe down the middle; collar and cuffs of stripe; revers of velvet. This is very stylish and becoming for a slender girl.

A very pretty narrow-striped gingham is made with the lower skirt in side plaits; the body is in slip fashion, with a shirred front at the neck; a band around the lower edge of the overdress; the collar, waist trimming, cuffs, sleeve trimming and belt are of fancy striped goods.

Another has the lower skirt of narrow striped goods and jacket of wide stripe, with revers, collar and cuffs of plain; rest of narrow stripe; a full sash passes around the waist under the jacket, and ties in a large bow at the back.

A very unique dress is of plain and plaid surah. The plaid is made up bias; the skirt is in wide side plaits, the waist full, falling over the skirt in front in blouse fashion; long coat body of plain goods, with extra points of velvet, very narrow at the top and widening to a point below the waist; standing collar, with bow at the side, and plain cuffs.

In a tiny girl's dress of cashmere the body and skirt are in one piece, with shirring at the waist, surah sash with fancy ornament at the side; wide collar and cuffs of embroidery.

Another dress for a tiny girl is of veiling petticoat of embroidery; princess body of veiling, with embroidered lapels, yoke, collar and cuffs; vest in plaits; ribbon belt, with bow at the side and loops and ends; the skirt is slightly caught up under this bow and shows the embroidered skirt beneath.

Odds and Ends.

THE ART OF SOUP-MAKING.

An author has truly said that "cookery, though a science, is not, and cannot be, an exact science; while the professors of cookery propound their recipes as if it were exact. They give a recipe with so much particularity, that they have to give another and another to cover a different set of particulars not at all included in the first."

There is a constant controversy going on as to the economy, digestibility, and necessity of soup at the commencement of a dinner; some maintaining that a dinner without it cannot literally be called a dinner; others, prejudiced against "slops," discarding it from their tables altogether; while a few who would gladly, perhaps, take advantage of an opportunity to reduce the meat bills, have only the will, being ignorant of the way.

There are three kinds which may be termed everyday soups, viz., clear soups, thick soups, and purees; the first especially suitable for hot weather, and to commence a good dinner; the second and third for colder weather, or when soup constitutes the greater part of the meal.

Cleanliness in every detail is the first thing necessary, and, after that, the gradual bringing to the boil of the stock; many people know very well that it is absolutely necessary that meat for soups, stews, tea for invalids, and the like, should cook as slowly as possibly after the liquid simmers; but they are unaware of the great importance of letting the process of ebullition be a slow one.

The reason is simple; the more slowly the meat cooks, the more it expands and yields its juices; indeed, it is well to add a spoonful of cold water from time to time, to check the heat and assist in throwing up the scum; for in the case of clear soups especially, the liquid must be skimmed thoroughly before it boils; then, after the simmering has commenced, it must be continuous until the end.

As to the stock itself, in spite of the usual recommendation to keep the stock-pot always simmering, and throw in from day to day whatever in the way of bones and trimmings will yield any nourishment, it is a very great mistake; for, in the first place, the contents will be unequally cooked, and long stewing will spoil the flavor; the stock, mixed that is to say, will have a stale taste if cooked over and over again.

It is far better to empty the pot every night, set the stock in a cool place until morning, and skim carefully. Wash out the pot, and if any of the previous day's bones do not seem as dry as they should be, stew them a few hours longer, with any other fresh or cooked bones that may be handy, scraps of meat, ham, bacon, game or poultry, in fact, anything but fish; vegetables may be added, but the stock will not keep so long.

It is best not to put in seasonings of any kind, until it is determined for what sort of soups or gravies they may be required. Those who do not possess a stock-pot may substitute a stew-pan if the lid be a well-fitting one.

Keep the steam in and the smoke out; never take off the lid of a saucepan on a smoky fire, but fortunately in these days of close ranges and gas-stoves, the open fire-grates of our ancestors are almost obsolete for cooking purposes.

In the case of vegetable soup, stock is, of course, superior to water, and then no drippings will be required. A mixture of carrots, turnips, and parsnips in small proportion, onions or shalots, a good supply of fresh parsley, with any other herbs that are liked, and the outer sticks of celery will furnish an excellent soup at a merely nominal cost.

The water in which a piece of meat has been boiled will form a good groundwork. The changes may be rung ad libitum by adding at one time a kidney, cut finely, at another a piece of milt, a cow heel, or calf's foot; and the thickening, too, may be varied almost indefinitely. A pinch of sugar is at all times an improvement to brown soups generally. Leeks, when obtainable, are valuable for soup, so are shalots, the flavoring being so mild.

It is said that Lord Kerr "led his troops all through the Indian mutiny with an umbrella." It is suspected that each member of his troops thought the umbrella was the one he had stolen a week or so previously, and they followed Lord Kerr in order to recover their property. It was a novel war measure on the part of Lord Kerr, and showed that he had a great head. A man never feels more like fighting than when he discovers that some fiend has stolen his umbrella.

If American women wish to be healthy they must learn to live in fresh air. They must open their windows, wear flannel night-gowns and take a jug of hot water to bed if they be cold, but never to sleep with closed windows, air all their clothes and their room daily, eat simple, wholesome food, wear boneless waists and button their skirts on them, and take the heels off their boots.

Confidential Correspondents.

Y. J.—Rococo jewelry means showy rubbish made up of several different stones. The term is usually applied to flashy or showy rubbish.

Prm.—You might try a bottle of the liquid gold paint, but we cannot say whether it would answer. We should say that the spectacles are too strong if the eyes be constantly watering.

Ionia.—We should have seen no harm in your acceptance of the invitation; your aunt, as a married woman, was a proper chaperon; and if her husband were satisfied had no one else to consult.

Vavasour.—The willow means forsaken. A poet says, "The willow is a sad tree whereof such as have lost their love make their mourning garlands." In the Bible we read that the Jews in captivity "hanged their harps upon the willows" as a sign of sorrow and mourning.

Ouida.—The term "dessert" is applied only to the fruit course after dinner. In some old-fashioned houses the cloth is removed after dinner, and the fashion is said to be returning to favor. But the cloth is generally left on, and the dessert put on the table from the first when the table is laid.

Alma.—The Zodiac is the imaginary track which the sun appears to take, by the earth annually revolving around him. The moon must be at the full when it enables us to observe an eclipse. An eclipse of the sun is caused by the passage of the moon between the sun and earth.

L. R. D.—Methodists, in the history of medicine, were a sect of ancient physicians who reduced the whole art of healing to a few common principles or appearances. The Methodists were followers of Thessalus, whence they were called Thessalici. They were strenuously opposed by Galen to several of his writings.

Rose.—It is customary upon entering or leaving a room to make a courteous acknowledgement to those present. The lady always has it in her power to bow to a gentleman after having met him in company should circumstances again bring them in contact, but this would be construed into a desire to make his acquaintance.

B. D. C.—Making a small present to a lady is not necessarily a declaration of love; it may be viewed as a token of esteem, and as such there could be no impropriety attached to the gift. Where presents are, however, repeated they assume a significant form, and it would be improper to make them unless the desire to declare an attachment existed.

Times.—The last case of execution for high treason in England, was the Cato Street Conspirators, May 1st, 1820. They were a gang of desperate men, headed by Arthur Thistlewood, who assembled in Cato Street, Edgeware Road, London, and proposed the assassination of the Ministers of the Crown at a Cabinet dinner. They were betrayed, and five men executed.

Dodo.—The greater the amount of salt held in solution in the sea the deeper the blue, while the fresher the water the greener its hue. The Gulf Stream is saltier than the ocean generally, yet not quite so strong as that in the course of the trade winds. The greater evaporation to which it is exposed causes the amount of salt contained in it to be proportionably considerable in degree.

Incredulous.—"Moonstruck," we read in Webster's Dictionary, denotes "affected by the influence of the moon; lunatic, as moonstruck madness." Milton and Byron allude to the malady. Sailors affirm that sleeping on deck with the face exposed to the moon causes it to become drawn—affected by the moon's influence like the tides. Moon-blindness, or nocturnal amaurosis, is a disease, which, though rare in this country, is by no means uncommon in warm regions.

Mary L.—The mocking-bird is otherwise called the polyglot thrush, and is one of the several species of the thrushes. It is a native of the Southern States. By the Indians it is called "the bird with the four hundred tongues," on account of its faculty of imitating the notes and songs of all other birds, and even of the animals living near it. Its notes are so melodious that Audubon ranks them far higher in merit than those of the nightingale. It feeds on insects and such other food as the thrush and blackbird.

Olcott.—In reference to the blackness of a negro's skin, it would seem to be accounted for by the exigencies of his position under such a dry and burning sun. There is an oily coloring matter underneath, that enables it to endure what would blister that of a Caucasian, especially of northern countries. Thus Nature provides for the protection of the vicissitudes of climate without their accustomed clothing, as we find that a thick coating of hair has grown all over the body in cases when either a child or grown person has been long lost and in a wild condition.

L. F. G.—Loadstone is a sort of ferruginous stone, in weight and color resembling iron ore, but harder and heavier. It is endowed with various extraordinary properties—attractive, directive, etc. It is also called Lapis Heraclæus, from Heraclea, a city of Magnesia, a district of ancient Lydia, where it is said to have been first found, and from which it is supposed to have taken its name. Some derive the name from a shepherd named Magnes, who first discovered it with his crook on Mount Ida. The magnet is usually found in iron mines, and sometimes in very large pieces half magnet, half iron.

Toodles.—The origin of surnames is obscure, and they did not come into hereditary use until the Conquest. First, the upper classes were known by the names of their lands, and afterwards the lower took the names of their trades, birds, beasts, and all sorts of objects in nature, art, and commerce. The subject is a very wide one, and could not be adequately treated in an answer such as we have space to give. Prefixes to proper names were used by the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, and were used in England to baptismal names before surnames came in. It is said that the earliest surname in our language is "Hatte."

W. G. A.—The Nicene Creed was drawn up by the first general council assembled at Nicea, June 19th to August 25th, A.D. 325. It is a confession of faith in which the consubstantiality of the Divine Father and Son are asserted. At the second general council held at Constantinople from May to July 30th, A.D. 381, the words "and the Son," after "who proceedeth from the Father," were interpolated, and as soon rejected by the orthodox Eastern or (Russian) Church. This clause is called the "Filioque," and has occasioned great controversy. It was accepted by the Spanish bishops in the year A.D. 447; by the Church of Rome, at Rome, in 883.